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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER VI.

A few days after the events recorded in our last chapter, Mr. Fitzstephen and his mother sat together at an open window of their drawing room, looking out on the rather fashionable thoroughfare of Dominick street. It was evening, and the slanting beams of the setting sun illumined the opposite roofs and chimneys, and poured in a flood of mellow light through the thin summer drapery of the windows. The furniture of the spacious apartment was rich and elegant, yet by no means modern—on the contrary, there was what might be called an old-fashioned look about the crimson velvet couches, the card and centre tables of the very darkest mahogany with those old feet of theirs terminating in claws, and the lofty narrow pier-glasses in quaintly-adorned frames. There were also one or two ebony cabinets inlaid with ivory in an antique fashion, and the painted figures that looked down from the green walls were nearly all clad in the costumes of departed generations, of proud and stately bearing were those ancient ladies and gentlemen, and no wonder, for they were the Blakes and Frenches and Lynches and Fitzstephens, who had ruled Galway in its palmy days—the merchants who were princes in their generation, and the high-bred matrons who were their wives and mothers. Marrying amongst themselves for many generations, the Norman families of Galway were all more or less connected by kindred and affinity, so that the same individuals were to be seen in very many groups of family portraits throughout the city. They were a goodly company these painted ancestors of Giles Fitzstephen, and it was not strange that his mother, herself a Frenchwoman, should take pleasure in contemplating those shadows from the past. Yet strange to say, she presented in her own person a living contrast to the prevailing characteristics of her pictured progenitors. She was a little round and rather dumpy woman with a cheerful pleasant countenance, bright as the sunshine streaming in there through the window, and looking fresher and fairer than many women of thirty, notwithstanding the silvery hair so carefully folded under the widow's cap, for Mrs. Fitzstephen had never thrown off the weeds which fifteen years before she assumed with a heavy heart. It would be hard to recognize in her the daughter and heiress of that dark-browed Anthony French whose picture hangs just over yon ancient cabinet to the left of the fireplace, and yet she is and was the only child of that very man, and for twenty long years the wife of that stately Arnold Fitzstephen whose pictured likeness overhung the mantlepiece, as his living image leaned in thoughtful mood on the pier-table opposite his mother, while his well-proportioned form reclined in a high, narrow-backed chair of the same venerable aspect as the tables and couches before-mentioned. Some visitors of Mrs. Fitzstephen had just retired, and of them the mother and son had been speaking.

"Well, I declare, Giles, I can't conceive what objection you can have to Emily, *I* think her by far the prettiest girl in Galway, and as for manners, why there is *finish* about her that is really quite captivating."

"You think so, mother," replied the son, with a smile, "but you are hardly an impartial judge. Your pretty god-daughter has been always a special favorite of yours. Do you know it is just what you call the *finish* that counteracts in my mind the charm of her very attractive face and form. I was far more inclined to love her before she left Galway than I am now. The *finish* which she has acquired at an English boarding-school sits awkwardly, I think, on an Irish girl—she was merry as a lark and graceful as a fawn when she left us five years ago—what she is now, you may admire, my dear mother, but *I* cannot—give me back, if you can, the light-hearted, playful, unsophisticated Emily Waldron, and I will try to win her for a wife, but not the starched-up English lady who swam from the door just now, with an arrogant assumption of dignity that never sits well on a youthful female."

He arose in visible agitation, and walked to another window, while his mother gazed after him with a look in which maternal pride was similarly mixed with disappointment and displeasure.

"Then I suppose you mean to go no farther with that affair?" she at last said.

"What affair?" demanded her son quickly.

"What affair!—why, you know as well as I do!"

"Mother!" said Fitzstephen, placing himself full in front of her, with his hands crossed behind his back, and his tall figure leaning slightly forward, "mother! it was you who commenced these negotiations with the Waldron family—I warned you more than once to leave it to myself, and to wait till Emily should return, so that I might judge for myself. I am no party, therefore, to anything that has passed between you and her father on matrimonial subjects."

"Well, but Giles! listen to me! you don't know Emily yet!"

"Pardon me, my dear madam, I find I know her but too well—she is no longer the Emily I once dreamed of as a wife. It requires no great discernment to see that—I am a man of mature years now, and thirty-five sees things and persons just as they are, not as they *seem* to be. My days of romance are over, and to say the truth, I think Cupid has no quiver in his bow to wound me *now*."

"But think of Emily's feelings, Giles—suppose her affections are engaged."

"Never you fear that, mother!—I'll answer for it, her heart is open to impressions," and Fitzstephen's lip curled with a smile of bitter irony. "But seriously speaking, my dear mother, I have no present thoughts of marriage—as long as I have you to love me and cater for my comfort, I desire no other—do not urge me, then, to form new ties which might be fatal to your now paramount influence." Fitzstephen's smile, when he did smile, was irresistibly sweet, and it beamed at that moment so full on his mother that she could not say him nay. So the subject dropped for that time, and Fitzstephen took to measuring the apartment, pacing its length up and down with a perseverance that would be truly laudable had it any rational object in view. Mrs. Fitzstephen put on her spectacles — one could hardly believe that such sunny eyes could be failing—and took up the book which she had laid down on the entrance of Miss Waldron and her aunt.

"Mother!" said Fitzstephen, "although I do not often trouble you with any of the dry details of business, yet I am strongly tempted to do so just now."

His mother looked up in surprise: "And why not always, my son?—who can be so interested in your affairs as your own mother?—what is it that troubles you now?"

"That herring-fishery, mother! I cannot get it out of my head."

"So it is always with your new plans, Giles!" said the matron with a smile.

"Well, but mother, think of it seriously! is it not a burning shame to have English and Scotch merchants making handsome fortunes out of our fisheries, while we of Galway leave them in the undisturbed possession of a trade that by right is ours. Here they send their vessels year after year taking away to foreign markets the wealth of our waters—why not turn this golden stream into our own coffers?"

"It would be very desirable indeed, Giles! but how are you to do it? there's Richard Hammond tried it and you know how it fared with him—he never got over it since, as I've often heard yourself say."

"Yes, but, mother! if those obstinate Claddagh men could be only got to try the trawling it would increase the trade considerably—then I might have a contract with some of the principal boat-owners amongst them to take all their fish, and by having experienced packers brought over from Scotland, I could make a capital thing out of it every year of my life—others here would follow my example, and we might, after a few years, drive the foreign merchants home to their own fisheries."

"Well but how are you to manage the Claddagh men?—you know they'll never take to trawling—didn't you see how Randal took your allusion to it on St. John's Day—they have such a rooted aversion to new-fangled plans!"

"Still I am not without hopes of bringing them to reason," replied the son; "you know I have many friends amongst them—Randal More himself, for instance."

The mother laughed—her laugh was peculiarly infectious for it came from her very heart. "Why now, Giles, have you lived so near the Claddagh all your life and yet suppose for one moment that *you* could exercise any control over the community or its head in a matter which they consider of vital importance—*could* you *dream* of inducing them to give up a custom which is little short of *sacred* in their eyes from its venerable antiquity. Giles! Giles! it would be enough for a schoolboy of nineteen to indulge in such fantastic notions!"

But Fitzstephen was not to be laughed out of his cherished plan, although he joined without knowing why in his mother's merry laugh. "Never mind, mother, never mind—if all fails me, I will *force* a lesson on them."

"Why, Giles! what *do* you mean?"

"Don't ask me now, my dear mother! it will be an extreme measure, and there is no use in talking of it—even to you—unless I am really driven to it. Come what may, trawling *must* have a fair trial on the Bay—that is my first step in the formation of a Galway fish-trade. Hush! here are the girls!—not a word of it to them, as you love me!"

The girls were only girls by courtesy—graceful and attractive they both were, the elder particularly so, but the age of girlhood was long past with both, and Margaret, the older sister, had been a widow for the last three years, though still under thirty. Charlotte, the younger, was the exact counterpart of her brother—if anything, darker in facial expression and more reserved in manner. Taller than the average run of women there was a stiffness about her that spoiled the effect of her really handsome countenance and symmetrical form, so that her little plump sister with a much plainer set of features was much more admired by the generality of their male acquaintances. Margaret was an incessant, unwearying talker—Charlotte seldom spoke, and especially before strangers, and the habitual reserve, which partly proceeded from shyness, was set down by the charitable world as the effect of pride. But those—and they were few in number—who could penetrate the outward surface of Charlotte Fitzstephen's peculiar manner, knew her to be possessed of many high and even noble traits of character which raised her far above her volatile and good-natured, and somewhat coquettish sister, whose winning ways had obtained for her at nineteen a rich and dashing husband. Poor Dandy Behan! as he was familiarly called in his native city, he hardly lived long enough to discover the better qualities of Margaret's nature, but quite long enough to find out to his sorrow that a dashing beau ought never to marry a dashing belle. Margaret's tastes were but too similar to his own—both had a feverish love for gay society—both were anxious to "cut a dash," and alas! neither thought of looking after the means by which these expensive tastes were to be gratified. Money flew out of their hands, themselves could hardly tell how, the Behan patrimony bequeathed by a saving, hard-working father, grew "small by degrees," and during the four years that Edmund Behan and Margaret Fitzstephen were man and wife, they contrived so to encumber it with mortgages that when the young husband was killed by a fall from his favorite hunter, the pretty widow found herself dependent on her mother and brother after spending, or helping to spend, her own fortune of two thousand pounds, as well as her husband's estate of six hundred a year. To a woman of deeper feelings and more elevated sentiments it would have been a hard necessity to seek a home once more under the roof of her stern brother, whose continued remonstrances she had so recklessly disregarded, but as it was, Margaret Behan was troubled with no such qualms, and was only too happy to have a door open to receive her. Whatever might have been Fitzstephen's sentiments regarding his sister's conduct, he was too generous to reproach her when the hand of adversity was heavy on her, and if his welcome was not as cordial as her mother's, it was none the less sincere.

(To be continued.)

GREAT FIRE AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—Early on Saturday morning last a destructive fire broke out in Blackwell's Island, owing to which a large building, known as the Penitentiary Hospital, was totally consumed. There were over 500 persons in the Hospital at the time the fire occurred, but providentially they were all removed in time to escape injury from the devouring element. The building was three stories in height, and was of considerable extent, being composed of a centre building and two wings. The task of putting down the fire continued, with little intermission, for over five hours, after which the work of removing the patients to more fitting quarters commenced. The women were located in a building formerly used as a manufactory, while the men were sent to the workhouse. The fire originated in the private kitchen of the resident physician. The Hospital was erected in 1846 at an expense of $90,000. It was in many respects an inefficient structure, badly built, too small, and often requiring expensive repairs.

INDIA AND THE ENGLISH—A FAIR VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

The following article which we find in the N. Y. *Daily News*, of the 9th inst., comes nearer to the real condition ot the Indian question than anything we have seen on the subject in any of the American papers:

* * * * * * *

Pending the "coming news" from India, let us have a word touching that which has lately come to hand. When discussing the progress of hostilities in India it is too much the custom for our cotemporaries to forget where they obtain the information supporting their remarks. We do not remember any journal in the United States arguing upon the not overstrained hypothesis that the "facts" as to Britain may be false as to India. Every incident related as belonging to this Indian "rebellion" emanates from ONE SIDE, and that a one side which history does not robe in the purest mantle of TRUTH, when the things to be told concern the interests of the narrator. This ought to influence our views sufficiently to modify them. We do not see why Britain is not just as likely to shade facts to her purpose in the case of India as in the case of any other people with whom she has had to deal.

It is but in keeping with common prudence and every-day justice that we (who have so much reason to suspect Britain's honesty in what she says or seems to say about herself and about her foes) should receive with great caution and promulgate with large allowances everything recorded as to this Indian rebellion. Surely if we must distrust Britain in her "fancyings," when her oppressed neighbor Island is the object—if we must believe her proverbial perfidy when meddling in the policy of any other European Power—if we knew the number and the grossness of her calumnies when our own America was the subject of her powder and ball solicitude—there is left no little cause to confide in "the truth and the whole truth" of what it pleases her to make the officials speak as to affairs in India. But over and above this we have seen how many of her greatest "facts" have been frittered away by the independent evidence of some accidental correspondent.

This we do not apply to the "horrors" alone of the war, but also to the nature of the hostilities and the history of events, taken apart from the alleged atrocities. In order to see to its center the notion which prompts this surmise of ours, the reader should have before him the official despatches of the rebels, the contrast with those of Britain; with both sides in our hands, we could most competently judge how matters progressed; but without both sides we must be excused if we decline to follow the docile example of our cotemporaries, and under the influence of fascinating Albion surrender the discretion which experience has planted in our hearts.

It has been our own lot to take the Indian news as it came filtered from the British reservoir, but we never for a moment forgot that fact. To our cotemporaries the source of supply gave no apprehension, and they ventured all their arguments, all their hopes, or all their fears upon the infallible accuracy and purity of the information they got. We, on the contrary, assumed the existence of "another side to the question," and it invariably happened that when we had tasted of the British information, we thirsted for that which the rebels may have sent to *their* leaders, and of which circumstances left us deprived.

In the absence of the "other side" we filled up the hiatus by some very natural suppositions, generally such as the one-sided narrative itself suggested. This course has been shown by events to be not only prudent, but indispensable for the attainment of a fair judgment. By neglecting it the *Herald* has fallen into repeated blunders, and been made to swallow back his best prophecies, and all the glee he conceived for the "broken back" of the rebellion. By avoiding it the *Times* has committed its sympathies to a premature grave, and having been so constantly betrayed through reliance upon one-sided facts our cotemporary now has taken to prosy dirges, instead of pompous hallelujahs. As with our more imposing cotemporaries, so with the lesser fry who were won by the imposition.

Upon closely examining the particulars of the present war we have discovered that the British were *defeated* in seventeen engagements and the Indians in fifteen set encounters. As yet there has been no regular battle, at least nothing worthy that name in its full war sense. Indeed the only thing approaching a fair field contest was that in which the British, under General Wyndham, were cut to pieces. For the reported subsequent defeat of those who routed Wyndham's force we have no very definite authority. There is distinct information to the effect that Sir Colin Campbell avenged his comrade instanter. But in our opinion the Oude "rebels" defeated by Sir Colin were not the men who beat back Wyndham and left him without bag and baggage.

If the "rebels" who slashed General Wyndham were, as some accounts say, and as we believe, brave Sikhs, in the pay of the Gwalior Mahratta prince, then it was not possible that they were also cowardly Oudeans, and it was an Oudean force who showed no fight that Sir Colin routed. This force of timid and unfighting Oudeans had, it appears, *ten* pieces of cannon in all, *but*—and mark this—the British captured *fifteen* pieces from them. Sir Colin declares it was an awfully severe fight, and yet the killed and wounded at both sides of this awfully severe fight might be counted on the fingers of either hand. To reconcile the discrepancies which creep into the official despatches, and come to light occasionally in a non-official letter, is no part of our duty. We have, however, to say that such discrepancies often of a very glaring character exist, and pass muster with the crowd.

In our opinion, Sir Colin stands a poor chance of coping with his present foes. He is no military genius, but he is a brave man. If he thinks he has already seen some fighting, we can promise him that his fighting senses have yet to undergo a terrible shock. Circumstances may cripple the energies of the rebels, but there is no general now in India equal to the crisis or competent to crush the revolt. If the "rebels" mean to persevere, and if there be any concerted action among them, England, ere she can win back her blighted Indian supremacy, must change the heads and vastly increase the hands of her working Indian army.

We noticed with satisfaction Bennett's snubbing of the so-called compliment intended for the late General Havelock. Bennett might have taken even higher ground than he did in scoffing to atoms the *sympathy* of our patriotic snobs. Havelock is dead, and we do not wish to tread unkindly on his green grave. But the toadying impertinence which Bennett justly rebuked, calls from us not only an approving word, but a new reason for denouncing the act. If Britain fell foul of its better judgment in selecting Havelock for its momentary sentiment of adulation, ought we to glide into the blunder?

Poor Havelock happened to gain one or two successes, and by an honest attendance to his duty did nothing to offend the English, therefore he was the man for the whim of the moment, and since there was to be a general desire to dispraise every one, he became a general to the counter irritant principle for praise—the particular star upon which Britain looked to brighten. Now, General Havelock has done nothing which any other British general could not have as readily done, and he has done a hundred times less than many a neglected British general has done. Havelock was old, nearly 75. He was a man of no shining ability, and among his compeers a man of no military repute. So little did his death affect the officials on the spot, that it was thus—almost insultingly announced: "All is well—old Havelock died a couple of days ago."

This very uncomplimentary mode of announcement was actually adopted by the Governor General himself when he had to tell *his* superiors how fared matters in the vicinity of Havelock's camp. We do not desire to detract from the claims of General Havelock, but we have as yet seen not a particle of reason for heroizing him that would not in a greater degree apply to *any* of his comrades of equal rank. Of General Wyndham's military genius we have the smallest estimate. He is personally brave, but not the man to whom we should like to intrust our own military destiny. He is called the "Hero of the Redan" because he once tried to do what he ought not militarily to have attempted.

For his gallantry the blindly enthusiastic Bull demanded his elevation, and as a natural consequence John is content to hear of a favorite suffocating himself with glory in India. But the next news will enable us better to judge the men and the means by which they govern the progress of the war. Meanwhile we feel satisfied that the English will not have broken the back of the rebellion until she has counted fearful losses and fought at least one real battle—a bloody reality that has not yet started out of the sieges and skirmishes which dot the Indian history of the past eighteen months.

BIOGRAPHY OF PUNCH.

[*From the New York Scottish American Journal.*]

Punch is the only publication of a humorous character that has been able to hold its place in England. It commenced as a joint undertaking, Horace Mayhew acting as editor and providing the whole of the literary matter, Landells, the wood-engraver, furnishing the illustrations. At the end of about two years of this arrangement, it had not attained the paying point. It then fell into the hands of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, who engaged the best humorous writers and artists in its support. Mark Lemon was appointed editor, and Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, and A'Becket were regular contributors. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" were among the earliest contributions that brought it into general popularity, and in the days when Thackeray wrote the Snob papers, and Leech and Doyle divided between them the work of illustration, it attained that high position in point of influence and circulation which it has since maintained. It is not now to be compared to what it was at that time in point of wit and genius; there is no Jerrold or Thackeray, or Doyle among its contributors, but like many other English institutions, it has held its place despite the evident falling off in talent. With a circulation approaching 40,000, it is worth £12,000 a year, and the two Christmas publications connected with it, yield about £3,000 more.

The publication of *Punch* has been the means of bringing out a great deal of humorous and satirical talent, which probably would not otherwise have been heard of. To John Leech's connection with it we are indebted for a perfect gallery of genial illustrations of English, and above all, Cockney character. With little imagination, and a very plain sense of humor, Leech's productions are always welcome, and we are not tired of them to the present day, notwithstanding a thousand repetitions and general sameness of style. Richard Doyle has not contributed to *Punch* since the time of the Aggression controversy, when, as a Catholic, he seceded from it. It is much to be regretted that the productions of his pencil have thus been lost to the public, since an indisposition to work has kept him from doing almost anything on his own account, the "Adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," and a few occasional trifles being all of his that has been given to the world for the last six or seven years. We have heard of many things he has had in hand, but none of them have yet come to light. At one time he amused himself with the idea of a daily humorist; the *Morning Roll* was the title, and he actually, for a period of six months, drew a large illustration every morning of the leading topic. The idea went no further, and we do not suppose the *Morning Roll* was intended for anything more than the artist's own exercise and amusement. The public would doubtless have been eager to support an undertaking to which Doyle was the principal daily contributor. Some time ago he was engaged on a series of large drawings, entitled the "State of Parties," *i. e.*, dinner parties, evening parties, &c.; and more recently another work of his has been talked of, but we now hear nothing of its publication.

It may not be generally known that Richard Doyle is the son of the artist who produced the famous H. B. caricatures, which attracted so much attention during a period of more than twenty years. He commenced these caricatures when he was under eighteen years of age, and continued producing them till some of his children had grown up—the secret of their authorship being so well kept that it was not known even in his own family, though the caricatures were the subject of conversation. His children seem to have been all born artists; three of them have followed the profession, and a fourth, who is engaged in a different pursuit, handles the pencil with an easy grace and prolific fancy that most artists might envy. Richard began his public career at the mature age of 12. He had heard his father, on one occasion, say how much he would like to have a fine horse, a wish, however, which he did not seriously entertain. The boy on his part thought how nice it would be to gratify his parent's desire, which he supposed to be quite a serious one, and he cast about to see if he could not procure the means to buy a horse. He was already an adept in drawing humorous subjects, and the idea occured to him of offering a publisher some humorous illustrations for letter heads, that style of letter paper being then in use, only the drawings were commonly sketches of places, &c. He went to a publisher in Covent Garden, and the offer was at once accepted. For a set of illustrations he was paid a hundred pounds, and with the money he purchased a fine horse, all unknown to his family. One morning when they were at breakfast, a noble steed passed before the window, and the groom who led him, having rung the bell, announced that this was the horse for Mr. Doyle. The surprise of the father may be imagined—it was greater even than his delight; and as to what was to be done with the horse we never heard how that perplexing difficulty was resolved. Richard Doyle became a contributor to *Punch* when he was sixteen or seventeen. The frontispiece, which is now on the title page of that publication, is from his pencil; the "Manners and Customs of the English" were by him, and, indeed, he introduced that style of comic mediæval drawing, with its amusing disregard of perspective; and by far the best of the large political drawings that have ever appeared in *Punch* were also his. We miss him now-a-days very much, and would fain see him at his old post again. But we believe he prefers to paint an occasional picture, and enjoy his leisure, the profits of his early labors having placed him above the necessity of regular labor.

Doyle's department in *Punch* is now taken by John Tenniel, an artist of good fancy, and a graceful pencil, but not of striking genius, like his predecessor. Besides Leech and Tenniel, a third artist has for some time been engaged, whose name has escaped us. The numerous birds, owls, ostriches, &c., that figure as initial letters and otherwise, are by him. His style resembles that of Leech, but is rather coarser, and Leech's is by no means refined. Mark Lemon is still the editor, and the place of Jerrold and Thackeray are occupied by Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor, on whom the mantle of their predecessors can scarcely be said to have descended, though they write a number of clever things. They are both hard-working members of the literary profession, writing, in great profusion, stories, plays, reviews, articles, newspaper articles and country correspondence, in addition to which Tom Taylor holds the laborious post of Secretary to the Board of Health, to which a handsome salary is attached. Literary men are now-a-days dropping into these situations in England more frequently than used to be the case, and we believe the public service has not suffered by the change.

There have been many imitations of *Punch*, and many rivals to it, but they have all been short-lived and poor in every respect, so that one forgets their very names. There being scarcely enough of comic talent in the country to support *Punch*, it is scarcely to be wondered that every opposition is a failure. Without talent of a very effective style, it is mere throwing away of money to attempt anything of this kind.

Lord Palmerston has given a pension of £40 a year on the Literary Civil List to Dr. John Armstrong, the learned author of the "Dictionary of the Gaelic Language and Gaelic Grammar."

ENEAS M'DONNELL.

[*From the Nation.*]

Last week saw borne to the grave the remains of a celebrated Irishman—one whose name is intimately and prominently connected with one of the most eventful periods of our country's modern history. He was the last survivor of that band of workers who fought the fight of '29; and, as such, if for nothing else, the life and actions of Eneas M'Donnell have an interest and importance which it would be ungenerous altogether to overlook.

However strong our views upon much of his recent policy—however we may have had to differ—or may yet have to differ—with them, it is not now our desire to say a single word calculated to revive old animosities or excite angry discussions. The clay upon his coffin is still moist—the tears of friendship that fell upon his tomb have not yet disappeared; and ours shall not be the hand to fling at such a time the brand of discord into the sanctuary of grief.

Eneas M'Donnell certainly fought a soldier's part and did a leader's duty in the struggle for Catholic Emancipation. Alike respectable by birth, talent, and position, he flung himself into the contest with all the unbounded ardor, and gave to it all the support of a powerful mind. He was young and enthusiastic—a sufferer from the wrongs he sought to right, and a determined foe to the insults he could not endure. His native West was the field in which he commenced his political career, and the old peasantry of Mayo, and Roscommon, and Galway, gathered in thousands to listen to his words and receive inspiration from his eloquence. The meetings in the West, which the "Young Counsellor" convened, were scarcely inferior in number and influence to those which assembled elsewhere, at the same time, under the auspices of the Liberator.

The scene of M'Donnell's labors was, however, soon to be changed; and he was requested by the Catholic Association to act as the agent of that body in England. He accepted the post, and proved himself worthy of the trust. His mission was a difficult one in itself; but to the fulfilment of it he brought a zeal that never flagged, a courage that never waned, and a spirit that could not be subdued. Men thought it an idle and a useless thing to send the fervent young tribune into the enemy's camp—to allot to him the apparently impossible task of combatting the deep-rooted prejudices of ages, or striving with the subtle artifices of wily diplomatists. The issue undeceived them; and, in a short time, Eneas M'Donnell was in active communication with the leading members of the English Cabinet—giving and receiving instructions from the Association at home, and strenthening the friendly relations existing between Sir Francis Burdett, and the men of his stamp, and the leaders of the Catholic party in Ireland. It was not long after, when the Clare election, like a sudden clap of thunder, startled the Minister of England into the concession of long-denied rights; and Mr. M'Donnell, together with his compatriots, saw, in the liberation of his Catholic countrymen, the consummation and reward of his long-continued labors.

We intentionally pass over those incidents in his career which have been, or hereafter may be, matters of controversy. If he was a principal in the struggle, he was also a sufferer in the cause. Five times imprisoned, he met the ordeal with a hero's courage; and, as his foes had no reason to exult over his weakness, neither had his country cause to be dissatisfied with his faith. On this part of his life we will not now dwell, nor on that subsequent portion of it when, owing to his or their misfortune, he separated from his former political friends, and totally disconnected himself from their after-proceedings. It is the task of history—a history not yet written—to throw light on these matters; and we are sure the Memoirs of Eneas M'Donnell, which we know are in faithful and competent hands, cannot fail to afford considerable aid in the inquiry.

We hasten now to the close of his life—that period when age faintly gathers around it the memories of the past, and scenes of other times flit ghost-like before its gaze—when enmities are softened down to regrets, and the bitterness of wounded pride melts away beneath the chastening influence of Time—when the once passionate soul subdues its fiery outbursts of feeling, and walks calmly and steadily by the side of its venerable conductor to the grave. To that period of his life we hasten; and for him, indeed, it was one of happy repose and peace. Those who had shared with him in the struggles of his political career descended into the tomb before him; and for years he stood alone, the last of the Titan toilers—the sole living link that joined the present to that glorious past. O'Connell died with wishes unattained, and the deep shadows of his country's present suffering and future disasters gathering around his death-bed; Steele—but poor Tom, thy name is enough to tell a sad tale! Shiel closed his eyes in a foreign land, half helpless and uncared for, and so for the rest. But the last days of M'Donnell's life closed calmly and gently as a golden Autumn eve. For years before his death he was the idol of a loving circle of attached friends, who clung to him with fondness and tended him with care. He sank into the long sleep of death as an infant goes to rest. The faces of those he loved were around him; and the hands of his nearest and dearest supported him. Peace to his ashes! He saw stormy times and lived through them fearlessly. He had many conflicts, and survived them manfully; and the last dread one of all had no terrors for him; he smiled at the Victor's approach, and humbly yielded his soul into his Maker's hands.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Progress of the Agitation—The Troops in Attendance at the Monster Meetings—O'Connell's Confidence of Success—"Two Negatives make an Affirmative"—O'Connell's Character of the Methodists—His Opinion of Peel—The Projected "Council of Three Hundred"—Speculations on its Consequences—Movements of Louis Philippe—Military Education of the Irish People—O'Connell's Objections to it—His faith in the Efficacy of the purely Moral Movement—Proclamation against the Meeting at Clontarf—O'Connell's Measures—Rumor of a Prosecution for High Treason—O'Connell in the Country—Hunting.

MEANWHILE, the agitation went on with constantly increasing vigor. In every corner of the kingdom monster assemblages gathered round O'Connell to affirm the grand principle of the Irish Volunteers of 1782, "That no power on earth ought of right to make laws to bind Ireland, save only the Sovereign, Lords, and Commons of Ireland." As the popular sentiment developed itself through the legal, constitutional channel of meetings to petition, the enemies of Irish rights redoubled their exertions to calumniate the leaders and the people, and to falsify their purposes. Of men who barely sought the restoration of an indefeasible right, whereof they had been flagitiously defrauded, the *Mail* boldly asserted that the objects were, "Extinction of the Established Church: Restoration of the Forfeited Estates" (this was a favorite bugbear) and "Extermination of the Protestants." That these menaces imposed on the weak, the timid, and the fanatical, is unfortunately true. Conservatives have frequently admitted the entire Repeal case in conversations with the present writer; and when pressed for their reasons for opposing a measure whose beneficial tendency they freely admitted, they have invariably answered by conjuring up the visionary terrors of Catholic ascendancy, Protestant annihilation, and resumption of the forfeited estates. We labored, and not without partial success, to dispel those dreary visions.

The Government affected to believe that we meditated physical violence. Troops of dragoons were sent to every public muster of Repealers. In June, 1843, I attended a large Repeal meeting at Camlough, in the County Down, and my carriage was escorted by a party of dragoons from Newry to the place of meeting, in order, I presume, to prevent me from wresting the province of Ulster *vi et armis* from the Queen's allegiance! On the day of the celebrated Tara gathering I attended an enormous assemblage of Repealers at Clontibret, in the County Monaghan, which was presided over by Captain Seaver of Heath Hall, a Protestant, and a ci-devant Orangeman. On the rising ground in our front were displayed a numerous body of the Queen's troops. The opposing forces confronted each other on adjacent eminences during the whole of the proceedings, and doubtless many a Repealer's heart beat indignantly under his red jacket! The troops moved quietly off when we dispersed. The same spectacle was presented at every Repeal meeting for the year 1843. The presence of the soldiery at our gatherings was a ridiculous and unmeaning parade, and served but to excite the risibility of the Repealers, who, being perfectly conscious of their own constitutional and peaceful designs, could ascribe no other motive to the Government in ordering the troops upon Repeal service, than a design to confirm the fears and authenticate the vaticinations of the alarmists, by thus suggesting that we harbored traitorous designs, which required a military force to check their execution.

The public enthusiasm was unbounded. I again went to Scotland this year; I record my visit not so much in memory of the patriotic fervor of the Repealers by whom I was invited, as to recall the pleasing associations connected with my sojourn in that kingdom.

On my return to Ireland I met O'Connell in Dublin, in the highest enjoyment of health, spirits, and success. The millions had distinctly "pronounced" for Repeal; nearly the whole nation had risen up as one man to repudiate and denounce the monster-crime of 1800: nine persons out of every ten had expressed their condemnation of the Union; and O'Connell's sanguine mind was confident of ultimate victory. His constant phrase was, that "there was a moral electricity in the continuous expression of public opinion concentrated upon a single point, perfectly irresistible in its efficacy." To those persons who acted under O'Connell's leadership, and who had frequent opportunities of intercourse with him, nothing could appear more false than the vehement assertions of the adverse press, "that he was playing a double game; that he did not in reality desire Repeal; and that he did not expect to succeed in the pursuit of it." He did most assuredly expect to succeed: although it is probably true that his *modus agendi* was not fully methodized in its various details.* He relied a good deal upon the chapter of accidents; and he looked to accelerating, and in some degree creating, a crisis of which the Irish people might take advantage for the recovery of their Legislature. What was to be the precise mode of achieving that recovery—whether by an act of the Imperial Parliament, or by a summons from the Queen, without any legislative act, for the assembling of her faithful Irish Peers and Commons in College Green—was a question which he left to time and circumstances, although his own belief inclined to the greater probability of the latter event.*

While his enemies denied his sincerity, invented discreditable motives for his actions, and took every occasion of holding him up as an arrant political swindler, his personal friends were impressed with a resistless conviction, not only of his honesty, but of his fervid enthusiasm in the cause to which he had devoted his labors. I say a *resistless* conviction; for, in the moments of unstudied and unguarded social intercourse, the strong desire to achieve the great objects which he publicly advocated was incessantly made manifest: plans, projects, aspirations to that end teemed forth from the well-spring of his mind; and even when conversing on topics unconnected with Repeal, his thoughts would often suddenly diverge, with a species of sanguine impatience, to the subject of our legislative independence.

Serjeant Murphy, then member for Cork city, having depreciated the Repeal movement, and at the same time admitted that neither Whigs nor Tories were likely to befriend us, O'Connell said, "The worthy serjeant tells you to do nothing for yourselves, although he admits that the Whigs will do nothing for you, and the Tories will do nothing for you! I suppose he imagines that these two negatives will produce an affirmative, so as to supersede the necessity of your exertion in your own behalf."

He had been engaged in a skirmish with the Methodists, of whom he said, "They indemnify themselves for a supposed love of God by a real hatred of man. I'll inflict *that* upon 'em."

Fitzpatrick one day expressed his hope that Sir Robert Peel would correct the evils of Irish landlordism, as he had shown in a recent speech that he saw and understood the tyrannical game the Irish landlords played against the people.

"The thing that puts me in a passion," said O'Connell, "is anybody's supposing that Peel means to do what he says. Peel is the merest man of words that the world ever produced."

During the summer and autumn of 1843, O'Connell's mind was busily occupied in devising means to assemble a Council of Three Hundred without coming under the provisions of the Convention Act. He told me, that if this council could be safely and legally assembled, its members would soon merge, by an easy transition, into the House of Commons of Ireland. He conceived that three hundred Irish gentlemen, stamped with the popular confidence, and morally authorized to treat with the British minister for their country's independence, would be perfectly irresistible in their demand. How to evade the Convention Act was the problem. Having spoken one day of his project at the Repeal Association, he said to Steele and me, "This is the first time I have broached my scheme. Next Monday I'll move that the Repeal Wardens of Ardee shall be called on to return the name of a person whom they would recommend the Association to appoint to the office of 'District Repeal Warden of Ardee.' We'll see how that will work. To-day David said to me, 'Have you any objection that I should be one of your Three Hundred? I took him by the hand, and said, 'I wish I could make you ten.' How little these people understand me! Tom Steele, you shall be member for Ennis. Daunt, where have you been canvassing?"

"In the King's County," I replied; "I shall try to get into the Convention, either for the county or for Tullamore."

"Our Three Hundred Men," continued O'Connell, "will be a quiet revolution. Tom Steele, fortune has frowned on you; but, would you exchange the present emotions of your mind for the estate of Sir Lucius O'Brien?"

"No!" cried Steele, "nor for all the wealth of the Rothschilds."

O'Connell continued to throw out his ideas, as if in soliloquy, pausing, and resuming the subject. "There is Louis Philippe sending man-of-war after man-of-war to Algeria, under pretext of hunting pirates. If England quietly allows him to get possession of England of Tunis without firing a shot, why then Louis Philippe has it. But, if one hostile shot is fired—hurrah! Daniel O'Connell has it."

A favorite idea of mine had been the military education of the Irish people, on a system resembling that of Prussia, with some modifications. I spoke of my plan. "My dear Daunt," said O'Connell, "your project would be quite unnecessary. All that people thought, in bygone times, to accomplish by military force, will henceforth be gained by the purely moral movement."

"Aye," returned I; "moral movement for ourselves at home. But as the moral force doctrine may not prevail among foreign nations, we ought to be trained to defend ourselves."

"The moral force doctrine *will* prevail," he answered, very emphatically. "Other nations will learn from us. They are watching us now with astonishment. When they see us succeeding, without blood, against such odds, they will try, like us, to succeed without blood in their several political reforms, according to their local means. Where fifty *can* meet and remonstrate, fifty *will* meet. Where a hundred *can* meet, a hundred *will* meet. Physical violence will lapse into desuetude—it will, bye and bye, become quite obsolete."

"I do not think," replied I, "it will ever become obsolete abroad. Your moral force lessons may take root in the hearts of the Irish people; but if the aggression of Ireland at any future period should promise advantages to any foreign nation, our foes will, in my opinion, be perfectly ready to invade us *vi et armis*."

"And if they should," returned O'Connell, "one week would have Ireland drilled for resistance, organized as we are. See the multitudes I had at Tara. How easy it would be to drill them on short notice. Remember that we shall then ourselves be the government, and so have in our hands the entire strength of the people, and the undivided facilities of military organization."

Meeting followed meeting in rapid succession for the rest of the autumn. Two or three more remained to be held. A meeting was advertised to take place at Clontarf upon Sunday, the 8th of October. An attorney who drew up the advertisement very foolishly used some military phrases in the programme of the intended procession. The executive snapped with puerile eagerness at the shallow pretext thus afforded to put down by armed force the gathering at Clontarf. Vast military preparations were concentrated upon the spot. A proclamation, prohibiting the meeting, was issued at an hour so late upon Saturday as to render it in the last degree improbable that the great majority of those who intended to be present should hear of the prohibition in sufficient time to prevent their attendance.

O'Connell assembled the Committee of the Repeal Association to consider what was best to be done in this emergency. The result of their deliberations appeared in the shape of a cautionary notice, which, whilst it repelled the misrepresentations contained in the Government proclamation, at the same time announced the abandonment of the projected meeting at Clontarf.

This notice was extensively posted in the city and suburbs, and every mode was adopted of giving it efficacy. Vast crowds of persons were at that moment on their way from various distant quarters to the metropolis, in order to be present at the morrow's demonstration. To check the influx of those persons was now O'Connell's object; he feared above all things a hostile collision. The military preparations were unequivocal. Lord Cloncurry has since that period given it as his opinion that the Government "projected a massacre" at Clontarf.

On the night of Saturday and the morning of Sunday, 1,500 persons arrived from England to witness the expected proceedings at Clontarf. Their rage and indignation at the Government were inexpressibly great. Immense crowds paraded all day at the place where the muster was to have been held; and in order to prevent any perilous ebullitions of popular anger, O'Connell sent Mr. Steele, Dr. Gray, and some other friends, to the avenues leading to Clontarf, in order to enforce the immediate and peaceable dispersion of the multitude.

On the 11th of October the intention of the Government to prosecute certain of the Repeal leaders for sedition was confidently rumored. I was on that day Chairman of the Repeal Association. After the meeting I asked O'Connell how a conviction would probably operate upon the cause?

"What," said I, "will the Repealers do if you should be imprisoned, and communications with their guide cut off? How shall we act if the flock be scattered by striking the shepherd?"

"Oh, that cannot be," he replied, "till after the trial; and in the meantime we will make arrangements to provide in the best way we can to meet such a contingency. As for the tyranny itself—why—it's only to endure it! It cannot in its own nature last very long."

Of the Repeal rent contributed that day, £80 were handed in under the denomination of "Proclamation Money," to indicate defiance of the Viceroy and the prosecution.

On the following day, the 12th of October, a report was spread that the Government would prosecute upon a charge of high treason. O'Connell's spirits, which had previously been excellent, seemed suddenly and greatly depressed by this information. He knew that the Government would not risk a prosecution for high treason without first being thoroughly certain of the jury. It was true, he said, that he should have the privilege of challenging the jury, a privilege which in a mere prosecution for sedition he would not possess; but the materials from which Dublin panels were taken were so leavened with bigoted Orangeism, that he looked on his life as the certain forfeit. "But," said he, "I scarcely think they will attempt a prosecution for high treason—though, indeed, there is hardly anything too desperate for them to attempt! If they do, I shall make my confession and prepare for death. Such a step would either immensely accelerate Repeal, or else throw it further back than ever."

But the real nature of the prosecution was speedily made known to the traversers. When O'Connell heard that he and his fellow-patriots were to be tried for a "conspiracy," he scoffed at the whole proceeding, as likely, indeed, to be harassing and tedious, but in no other respect formidable. One day he said to John O'Connell, "I do not think two years' imprisonment would kill me; I should keep constantly walking about, and take a bath every day."

"But why talk of imprisonment at all?" returned John; "surely there is, please God, no danger of it."

"I take the most discouraging view of the case," said his father, "in order to be prepared for the worst."

In the course of the winter O'Connell repaired to Darrynane, and during his sojourn there the Association was addressed every week by John O'Connell, Steele, and the present writer. We used to come on Mondays to the library, prior to the hour of meeting, and there arrange the topics which each speaker should appropriate. It was a period of pleasing excitement and hope which I love to recall; for we all felt impressed with the belief that the steps taken by the Government for our discomfiture would call forth many a stout ally who had not as yet declared his adhesion to the national cause.

O'Connell seems to have enjoyed his holidays almost as much as if no prosecution were suspended over his head. The following is an extract from a letter written by him at that period to a friend in Dublin:

"Darrynane Abbey, 17th Dec., 1843.

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"What a tasteless fellow that Attorney-General was not to allow me another fortnight in these mountains! I forgive him everything but *that*. Why, yesterday, I had a most delightful day's hunting. I saw almost the entire of it—hare and hounds. We killed five hares. The day's run, without intermission, five hours and three quarters. In three minutes after each hare was killed, we had another on foot, and the cry was incessant. They were never at more than a momentary check, and the cry, with the echoes, was splendid. I was not in such wind for walking these five years, and you will laugh at me when I tell you the fact that I was much less wearied than several of the young men; and we had a good three miles to walk home after the last hare was killed, just at the close of the day. I was not prepared for such good hunting, as the plague among the dogs had thinned my pack. It killed six couple of beautiful beagles of mine. I could almost weep for them. Yet the survivors seemed determined to indemnify me. If to-morrow be dry, I hope to have another good day's hunt."

(To be continued.)

KING PEPIN.—An anecdote related of Pepin gives a good idea of this kind of influence he exercised over his rude and warlike courtiers. It was a gala day; and the assembled company had crowded into a theatre where the actors played their parts in terrible earnest, and where combats were waged to the death. The wild beasts fought in the arena. There was a peculiar attraction about the sports that day; for the interest of the spectacle rose in proportion to the ferocity of the combatants. A black Spanish bull of gigantic size and strength had been matched with an African lion; and the beasts gnashed and roared, and tore and gored each other in their rage, to the delight and admiration of the spectators. The fight was at its hottest, when suddenly the voices that had been shouting approval were hushed, and every eye turned inquiringly towards Pepin's chair of state; for the king had risen and was pointing down into the arena. Presently his voice rang out like a clarion through the assembly, and there was a sound of mockery in the tone in which he spoke. "Which of you, my lords," he said, "will descend into the field and separate these two doughty warriors?" There was a dead silence. The tone in which Pepin spoke showed that no thought of jesting passed through his mind; but the combat raged more hotly than ever, and not a man would trust his life to the mercies of those furious, tearing beasts. Then the king drew his sword, and went down himself into the arena, while every heart stood still with suspense, and every eye was strained with horrified interest. One deep thrust of the king's sword, just where the bull's head joined the spine, and the monster lay low; one sure thrust at the glaring eye of the crouching lion, as he prepared to spring, and the second of those savage champions was overthrown. Then Pepin returned to his seat amid the shouts and applause of a thousand admiring warriors. He had earned his right to be their king; for he had proved his pre-eminence in the one quality they valued above every other virtue. Pepin the Short had proved himself the strongest and the hardiest man among a race who looked upon all things as nothing in comparison with hardihood and strength. They were rude times in which this incident occurred. Customs have changed since then, and civilization has softened the manners of men. But the principle remains unaltered. Men still shout for admiration at a gallant deed: the weak still follow the strong.

TO WASH LAWN AND MUSLIN.—Delicate lawns and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colors of the fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is better to adopt a method of cleaning the finest materials, and imparting to them the appearance of newness. Take two quarts of wheat bran, and boil it for half an hour in soft water. Let it cool, then strain it, and pour the strained liquid into the water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and no starch. The bran water not only removes the dirt, and ensures against change of color, but gives the fabric a pleasanter stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the folds are drawn from the skirts and sleeves, the dress will iron better, and will appear when prepared in this way as fresh as new.

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* He was always sanguine of success. Staunton told me, that O'Connell came to the *Weekly Register* office, one day, while that paper was printed in Suffolk street, and called him down stairs, saying, "Staunton, my dear fellow! Repeal is now quite certain. All that remains is to settle the terms." "I am very glad to hear it," replied Staunton; with a feeling, however, that the news of proximate success was rather too good to be true.

* For a detailed description of the Repeal Campaign of 1842-3, the Prosecution, the Imprisonment, Personal Anecdotes of the Leaders, and other matters connected with Irish popular politics, *vide* my work, "IRELAND AND HER AGITATORS." I was gratified at seeing the work in question copiously quoted in a tract on Irish affairs, printed at Leipsig, in the German language, under the title of "Irland und die Repealfrage." Leipsig: Leopold Michelsen, 1847.

† Of the *Nation* newspaper; "Prophet and Guide of the Young Irelanders;" a man of real genius.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The *Northern Whig*, in noticing Mr. King's impersonation of *Macbeth*, says: "Only that we had opportunities of seeing him here and elsewhere on previous occasions, we should have looked with more than suspicion on the introductory announcements with which Mr. T. C. King was heralded. Our antecedent knowledge of the gentleman, however, prepared us to expect from him a display of high dramatic talent in the character of *Macbeth*, and we were not disappointed. He never played the part in Belfast until last evening; but we had witnessed him in it, some time since, in Dublin. With a perfect recollection of his 'points' and his faults, then—with the comparison forced upon us by the recent visit of Mr. Barry Sullivan, suggesting to us his appearance, on one occasion here, in the same *role*—we could not but admire the progress he had made, and (recognizing freely, as we always freely have recognized, Mr. Sullivan's merits) confess the preference we have for the *Macbeth* of last night. Mr. Sullivan is great in melodrama—Mr. King shines in tragedy, and therein lies some of the differences between the two men."

What will our country friends think of the fact that, notwithstanding the "hard times," duty was paid here, in 1857, on no less a quantity than 390,191 lbs. tea more than in the brisk and money-circulating year of 1856? The respective proportions were—for 1856, 1,799,810 lbs.; for 1857, 2,180,001 lbs. The teas entered at Belfast are greater in amount than those at any other Irish port, except Dublin, and rank ninth among all the ports of the United Kingdom.—*Banner of Ulster.*

In 1856, there were exported from Belfast 65,909,000 yards linens; in 1857, 62,365,000 yards—decrease in 1857, 3,554,000 yards. Exports of linen yarns—1856, 11,615,400 lbs.; 1857, 13,322,384 lbs.—increase in 1857, 1,706,984 lbs. In our imports of linen yarns there was a decrease of 1,322,604 lbs. last year as compared with the preceding.

Carlow.

A meeting of the ratepayers of Bagenalstown was recently held, pursuant to an order received from the Lord Lieutenant, to consider the propriety of adopting, in whole, or in part, the provisions of the Towns' Improvement (Ireland) Act, 1854. Amongst the ratepayers present were the following: John Newton, Esq., Bagenalstown House; Philip J. Newton, Esq., Dunleckney; Samuel Crosthwaite, Esq., the Lodge; Thomas Singleton, Esq.; Captain Newton, Mount Leinster Lodge; Charles Thorp, Esq., Solicitor; John M'Grath, Esq.; James Trayer, Esq., M.D.; Dr. Charles Scott; Rev. Joseph Chapman; Messrs. William Corrigan, Thos. Ward, Hugh Farrell, Patrick Dowling, Jas. Byrne, Postmaster; Peter Oliver, John Byrne, Pierce M'Grath, Thomas Brady, M. Murphy, John Bolger, John Browne, &c., &c. The necessary formalities having been gone through, Philip Jocelyn Newton, Esq., came forward and said—Gentlemen, in proposing the resolution which I hold in my hand, to the effect that the Towns' Improvement Act be introduced into this town, I shall only detain you a few moments. I think every person living in and near this town, included in the area proposed, will obtain a good deal of benefit from the working of this act. The tax assessed under this bill can only be one shilling on house property, and threepence in the pound on land. The advantages that will accrue to the inhabitants will be more than commensurate with this small tax. I will not occupy your time further than in proposing the following resolution: "That this meeting do adopt the provisions of the Towns' Improvement (Ireland) Act, 1854, save and except those portions of said act relating to paving, draining, supplying with pipe water, and that portion relating to public libraries, and museums." John Newton, Esq., seconded the resolution, which, on being put from the chair, was carried unanimously. The meeting then separated.—*Sentinel.*

We confess our inability to describe the condition of such great thoroughfares as Centaur street, Browne street, and Chapel lane, without incurring the risk of having drawn on our imagination. These streets will not be under contract until next March, and the result is, that they are nearly impassable! Centaur street, one of the leading outlets to the Queen's County, may be rendered passable for a few days, by the humane attention of Mr. James Kelly, of the Quay; he directed stones to be placed in those huge "ruts," in order to facilitate public traffic. Carlow is improving in one respect; but as regards its cross streets, it is retrograding, and the cause is, that the Presentment Sessions do not allow a sufficient sum per perch to keep the streets in repair, and in consequence when a contract terminates, no man having sufficient regard to his own interests, will renew it on the terms heretofore proposed. At the last Presentment Sessions, however, the County Surveyor, who alluded to the circumstances, recommended an increase in the tender for keeping the streets in repair; and as the suggestion was adopted, we hope the localities alluded to will not in future be allowed to present so disgraceful a condition as they are in at present.—*Ibid.*

We are gratified to find that two of our fellow-townsmen have obtained promotion in the army, and without purchase. The first is Ensign Henry Rudkin Vigers, late of the Carlow Militia, to be Lieutenant in the 39th Foot. Lieutenant Henry Cole, son of Henry Cole, Esq., of Barrow House, Graigue, to be Captain in the 12th Foot. The regiment is stationed in Hobarttown, Tasmania. —*Ibid.*

Cork.

A correspondent of the Dublin *Telegraph* sends that journal the following remarks concerning "Great Island" in the harbor of Cork: "Great Island, or Barrymore Island, in the harbor of Cork, barony of Barrymore, contains, with the post town of Cove, 11,089 inhabitants. It was anciently called *Ard-Neimheidh*, and is one of the first places in Irish history whose locality can be fixed with precision. A battle was fought here in 125 betwen Ængus, King of Ireland, and Niadh Nuaget, a tributary prince, in which the latter recovered the crown of Munster; and in the 12th century the Island maintained its independence against the English for some time after they had acquired possession of Cork and the adjacent country. In 1329 it was the property of Lord Philip Hodnet, who resided at Clonmel, where he was besieged by the Barrys and Roches, and all his adherents put to death. The Barrys having obtained possession, it was called Barrymore Island. During the war of 1641, a party of Lord Castlehaven's troops coming here to plunder, were attacked by Major Power with 30 horse and two companies of foot, and about 500 of them were slain. In 1666 it was described by the Earl of Orrery as very fertile, and a place of such consequence as, were he an enemy about to invade Ireland, to be the first he would endeavor to secure. Most of the islands and headlands in its neighborhood have since been strongly fortified."

M. F. Mathew, C.E., under whose superintendence the tunnel at Cork of the Great Southern and Western Railway was carried out and finished, and who has since been engineer for Mr. Dargan on the Limerick and Foynes and Limerick and Ennis Railways, has been appointed by the Directors of the Engineers on the Bombay and Central India Railway.—*Examiner.*

Derry.

The Rev. Daniel Mooney has been appointed Pastor of Granaghan, and is succeeded in his late onerous mission by Father Michael Conway, who has certainly won golden opinions off the worthy people of Maghera in the shape of a horse and car, &c., and a purse of sovereigns. Well may the people of Granaghan feel proud of Father Mooney, as there is not a more pious, painstaking, or eloquent missioner in the far-famed diocese of Derry. His polished manners, acquired on the Continent, his knowledge and practice of the amenities of life and refinements of humanity make him the very life and soul of the social circle.—*Dublin Telegraph.*

Down.

The Directors of the Ulster Railway Extension left Portadown, in an express train, for the purpose of inspecting the new Monaghan line, which has been completed as far as Tynan. We understand that their opinion of the works is most favorable, and that, consequently, the line to Tynan will be opened for traffic immediately.—*Newry Telegraph.*

Dublin.

The Court of Queen's Bench did not pronounce judgment on the motion to change the venue in the cause of the Queen *v.* the Rev. Mr. Conway, in consequence, it is said, of a disagreement between the learned judges. How far this may be true or not cannot be positively ascertained until judgment is delivered. One or two important results, however, flow from the postponement, according to the practice of the court. No trial can now take place at the next after sittings, even though the crown should succeed on the motion. Next result—that if the venue be changed, the trial cannot take place until the after sittings in Trinity Term, because no special jury cases are triable in the short after sittings of Easter Term. So here we have a necessary delay of five months, before the great duel begins. There are accidents in time, and it is most probable the House of Commons that ordered the prosecution of the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan may cease to exist before the termination of the trial.—*Freeman.*

A meeting of the members of the Irish Medical Association and of the profession generally was held at the Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's green, to consider the bill introduced by the Chief Secretary for Ireland for the amendment of the Medical Charities Act, and how far the provisions of that bill will, injuriously or otherwise, affect the profession. There was an influential attendance comprising a large number of country practitioners. Amongst those present were: Dr. Benson, Surgeon Ellis, Dr. Beaty, Dr. Neligan, Dr. A. Smith, Dr. M'Namara, Dr. Jacob, Dr. Lees, Dr. H. Kennedy, Dr. M'Clinton, Dr. Nolan, Dr. Hans Irvine, Dr. Shiel, Dr. Collis, Dr. Richardson, Dr. Maunsell, Dr. Mapother, Dr. Walsh, Dr. Mackesy, Dr. Elliott, Dr. Corbet, Dr. Fawcett, Dr. Darby, Dr. Waddy, Dr. Whistler, Dr. Nicholls, Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Williams, and Dr. Armstrong. On the motion of Dr. Fawcett, seconded by Dr. Johns, the chair was taken by Dr. Benson.

A meeting of the committee and members of the Catholic Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was held at their rooms, No. 7 Wellington-quay. The chair was taken by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry. The meeting was numerously and most influentially attended. Amongst those present were the Very Rev. Monsignor Yore, V. G.; the Rev. Dr. Dowley, the Rev. Canon Grimley, the Rev. James Henry Rorke, S. J.; James O'Farrell, Esq., (Ecclesiastical Commissioner); Laurence Waldron, Esq., M. P.; Henry Russell, Esq.; Michael Errington, Esq., &c. A variety of interesting correspondence was read, and a number of subscriptions handed in. According to the returns announced by the reverend scretary, it appeared that the prospects of this noble institution are daily brightening, and giving promise of its soon being able to fill the most sanguine hopes of the benevolent projectors.

An abstract of accounts of expenses incurred by E. Grogan, John Vance, John Reynolds, and Francis William Brady, as candidates to represent the city of Dublin in Parliament, at the elections held in March, 1857, pursuant to the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, 1854, has been published. The total expenditure standing against Mr. Grogan's name amounts to £1,382 0s. 1d. His fellow member, Mr. Vance, expended £1,371 6s. 2 1-2d. The Liberal side of the account stands thus: Mr. Reynolds, £481 4s. 7 3-4d.; Mr. Brady, £1,257 11s. 1 1-4d.

Kerry.

A correspondent informs us that "an appeal is about to be made to the friends of tenant justice throughout the country, to set on foot a fund for testing the legality, in the person of one of the Serfs on the Lansdowne estate, of the arbitrary fines and other imposts, which Mr. Trench has inflicted, from time to time, on those wretched people. An action at law will clearly be sustained, and the whole merits of a case so important to the advocate of Tenant Justice brought in strong relief before the empire. Wo, however, to the Curtius who leaps into the breach for his fellows, unless he be sustained and indemnified by every honest man in the country."—*Tralee Chronicle.*

Kildare.

As Michael Tracey, a farmer, residing at Halverston, near Naas, was removing a stack of wheat from his haggard to the barn, he found a sparrow's nest with three eggs; the old bird flew off the nest as it was approached by his men removing the corn. The stack was made up in the haggard last September.—*Leinster Express.*

Kilkenny.

A solemn Office and High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. Joseph Healy, C.C., was solemnized in St. Mary's Cathedral, recently, and the large attendance of clergy on that occasion testifies to the esteem in which the deceased priest was held by his colleagues in the sacred ministry. Upwards of fifty clergymen were present, and were it not that the funeral had taken place on the previous day, at which about twenty priests attended, the gathering of clergy would have been still larger.—*Journal.*

Miss Olimpia Anderson, daughter of the late Paris Anderson, Esq., sheriff of this city, was received into the Catholic Church, by the Rev. E. Walsh, Administrator, and baptized, on Thursday last, in the new Cathedral. Miss Anderson is a lady of superior education and accomplishments; her change of religion is the result of a lengthened course of reading and inquiry, and involves many temporal sacrifices.—*Ibid.*

Lovers of love-letters will be disappointed on learning that the breach of promise case, which was expected to be tried at the ensuing assizes in this city, has been amicably arranged by the marriage of the parties concerned. The breach was made up last week, and plaintiff and defendant are now "man and wife."—*Ibid.*

With a deep regret, in which the public will largely participate, we have learned that Joseph Green, Esq., R.M., has been forced by prolonged illness to resign the Commission of the Peace.—*Ibid.*

King's County.

On the Tullamore workhouse farm there is at present a border of more than half a rood of potatoes overground, as well as beans in blossom. The potatoes were planted at the end of October, and the beans in September, and this on an open field.

Limerick.

The Sisters of Mercy (Newcastle) most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of two pounds from William Smith O'Brien, Esq.

Meath.

In the hour of England's prosperity she has not been found willing to do an act of generosity or even of justice to Ireland; it was only when the hour of difficulty was upon her that she made concessions. The whole political history of these kingdoms has proved so much, and the knowledge gained from its perusal has been put into the shape of an oft-quoted maxim—England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. This is called an ungenerous saying; but justice precedes generosity at all times, and there is a duty upon Irishmen of being true to themselves. Will the opportunity be taken advantage of now? If it is not, then we deserve to be wronged forever.—*People.*

Sligo.

John M'Gowan, Esq., Mayor, Returning Officer at the last borough election, and his two deputies, Mr. Joseph Foley and Mr. Hugh Connellan, together with their poll clerks, Mr. William Ward and Mr. John Bruen, have entered into security to the amount of two sureties each in the sum of £50, and themselves in £100, to stand their trial at the approaching assizes, for a conspiracy to defraud certain electors of the borough of their votes on the above memorable occasion.—*Independent.*

Tipperary.

We are authorized by Charles Thubault, Esq., of Dundee, through his agent, Mr. M. Keating Cahir, to contradict a statement made in the *Clonmel Chronicle* to the effect that Mr. Thubault was sent a Rockite notice threatening him with the fate of William Roe, if he did not discharge from his employ a steward on his estate at Rockwell, named Mr. Veigh. No such notice was ever sent to Mr. Thubault, who has given, since he became owner of the Rockwell estate, constant employ to his dependants with liberal wages. Our cotemporary should be more guarded in publishing statements calculated to reflect discreditably upon the reputation of Tipperary and its people.—*Free Press.*

An inquest was held by John Ryan, Esq., M.D., coroner for Tipperary district, at Ballyhoolahan, near Knocklong, on the body of Thomas Malony, who (as it appeared from the evidence elicited on the inquiry) came to his death on the morning previous by coming in contact with the train on the Great Southern and Western Railway.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

Tyrone.

A statement has been going the rounds of the press, copied from a northern paper, to the effect that the Rev. Mr. M'Quade, P.P., of Dromore, county Tyrone, had been waylaid and brutally assaulted. We are authorized to state that the gentleman referred to is not a parish priest, or in the discharge of any sacerdotal duties whatever. The parish priest of Dromore is the Very Rev. Peter Gordon, a clergyman universally beloved by all classes of the local community for his kindly disposition and generous benevolence.—*Dublin Freeman.*

Waterford.

We regret the death of the Duke of Devonshire, who was among the very best landlords in Ireland, and ever took a deep interest in her welfare. His fortune was princely, and his expenditure was on a scale commensurate with his fortune. In the old baronial residence of Lismore—among the finest in the British empire—he took especial pleasure. The splendid property in Waterford was inherited by the Duke's ancestors from the famous Boyle family, with whom they were connected in the maternal line, and whose stormy career in Irish politics, in the middle of the last century, raised the Boyles to the highest point of popularity. Having first served the court, they afterwards served the people, and ultimately returned to their first affection. The Duke was a thorough Liberal, though Whig politics in times shaded his ardor. As a landlord he was unsurpassed; and the tenantry on the Waterford estates will have to mourn the loss of one of the most considerate of noble men. He is succeeded in his title and estate by the Earl of Burlington, whose son will assume the Marquisate of Hartington, a title which has been in abeyance for three quarters of a century. "The Duke died suddenly at Hardwicke hall, Devonshire.

We find by Thom's Almanac that the total number of sailing vessels registered in Ireland was, in 1855, 2,042, and the tonnage 217,589; and in 1856, 2,068, with tonnage of 214,686. The sailing vessels this port numbered in 1855 was 157; in it was 160. The tonnage in 1855 was 15,656; in 1856, 15,798. The contrast of Waterford with the rest of Ireland is favorable to our port. In steamers we appear in more favorable contrast, and this is principally to the exertions of one man. In 1855 the number of steamers for all Ireland was 141, and the tonnage 36,12[illegible]

1856 the number had increased to 145, the tonnage had lessened to 35,869. In this port there was, however, an increase of both vessels and tonnage—in 1855, the number of vessels 20; in 1856 it was 24; in 1855 the tonnage was 6,261; in 1856 it increased to 8,686—so that our commerce and our shipping are both increasing.—*Mail.*

It shows the state of crime in this county when there are at present in the county jail, between those undergoing sentence and those awaiting trial, only forty-six male prisoners and five females in its precincts. In 1850 there were nearly 500 prisoners in the county jail at one time—so that the number of our criminals is now only one-tenth of what it was in 1850.—*Ibid.*

Wicklow.

The Lord Chancellor has been pleased to appoint P. Warburton Jackson, Esq., of Novarra, Bray, being one of the said commissioners, to act as justice of the peace for the purpose of the Towns' Improvement (Ireland) Act, 1854.

THE LONDON "TIMES" AND THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

[*Translated from the Univers for the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.*]

"The plaintive wailings of the *Journal des Debats* and the *Siecle*," on the daily attacks against liberty of conscience in France, "has at last aroused the sympathy of the London *Times*, who, forgetting all of a sudden the insults and abuse almost daily poured forth in its columns against the French Government, appeals to this same *despotic power*—to its enlarged ideas—to its respect for public opinion, to put an end at once and forever to this state of things." "A stroke of the Emperor's pen," cries the *Times*, "will chain down in France this monstrous spirit of oppression, and put an end to its display." What is it all about? What state of things is to be put an end to, and of what oppression are they talking? All religions in France enjoy an equal liberty, and the sects who are in a minority have less reason to complain, inasmuch as not to wound their prejudices, the public manifestations of our national worship have on many occasions been dispensed with. . . . As to the Protestants, if we believe their own reports, they are gaining ground every day. We have more than once had occasion to mention the fact that permission has been obtained for building temples in parts of the country where permission would have been legally refused, and we see them erecting in Paris even spacious and magnificent schools. Neither liberty, nor honors, nor places, nor money is wanting. Where, then, is the oppression? and where are the oppressors? Does this "state of things" justify the following lugubrious exclamation of the *Times:* "The Protestants of France are in a most deplorable condition?" Is it not evident that these declamations of the English press are but the result of a series of tactics cleverly made useof by the sect, and which consists in crying out "*persecution*" at the very moment when the Catholics have really most to complain of their audacious attempts at proselytizing. The article proceeds to show that where permission was refused to erect Protestant temples and schools, it was on just and sufficient grounds—that the entire population were Catholic in several of the communes, where some one or two zealous Protestants wanted to float the flag of discord and religious strife—that the schools were mere proselytizing seminaries, which, under the hypocritical mask of charity, endeavored to seduce children of a tender age from the faith they were baptized in—that it is sheer absurdity to expect that the Government would tax the community for the support of churches and pastors they did not require, and that, in fine, the real grievance, the real cause of complaint is, "that Protestants wish not only the free exercise of their religion, but also for liberty to propagate their tenets by means which would encroach on the liberty of others. The desire is perhaps very natural, but it is also very natural that the Government of a nation, the immense majority of which is Catholic, should not blindly submit to the demand." The *Univers* closes this very clever article by the following allusion to Ireland: "The *Times* forgets completely the conduct of English Government with regard to Ireland; it forgets all the injustice that English Catholics have to complain of; it forgets even the famous question of the mal-administration of the patriotic funds, which occupies the public mind at this moment. But when it concerns Catholic wrongs or Catholic grievances, its principles are no longer the same, its tone is changed, and doubtless this is the reason that the *Journal des Debats* and the *Siecle* are so loud in their defence of liberty of conscience—so zealous in denouncing the intolerance of Catholics—guard a profound silence on those public acts of Protestant intolerance which reveals the injustice of which Catholics are the victims."

IRISH SHERIFFS FOR 1858.

DUBLIN CASTLE, 18th January, 1858.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed the undernamed gentlemen to the office of high sheriff for the following counties, counties of cities, and towns, in the year 1858:

Antrim County—A. Mulholland, Esq., Springvale, Ballywalter.

Armagh County—Stewart Blacker, Esq., Carrickblacker, Portadown.

Carlow County—Denis W. P. Beresford, Esq., Fena Lodge, Bagnalstown.

Carrickfergus County Town—W. J. C. Allen, Esq., Carrickfergus.

Cavan County—J. A. Dease, Esq., Turbotstown, Castlepollard.

Clare County—James O'Brien, Esq., Ballynalacken, Lisdoonvarna.

Cork County—Thomas St. John Grant, Esq., Kilmurry, Kilworth.

Cork City—Godfrey Thomas Baker, Esq., Fort William, Cork.

Donegal County—H. G. M. Stewart, Esq., Whitehouse, Killybegs.

Down County—Samuel Murland, Esq., Woodlands, Castlewellan.

Drogheda County Town—Richard Gradwell, Esq., Dowth Hall, Drogheda.

Dublin County—Charles Colthurst, Esq., Lucan House, Lucan.

Dublin City—Samuel Law, Esq., Kilbarack House, Raheny.

Fermanagh County—Francis J. Graham, Esq., Drumgoon, Maguire's Bridge.

Galway County—Pierce Joyce, Esq., Merview, Galway.

Galway Town—John W. Lynch, Esq., Renmore Park, Galway.

Kerry County—Charles Blennerhassett, Esq., Ballyseedy, Tralee.

Kildare County—Penthony O'Kelly, Esq., Borristown, Newbridge.

Kilkenny County—Howard St. George, Esq., Kilrush, Freshford.

Kilkenny City—George P. Helsham, Esq., John street, Kilkenny.

King's County—James Drought, Esq., Banagher.

Leitrim County—E. Maguire, Esq., Gortoral House, Swanlinbar.

Limerick County—C. Powell, Esq., Clonshavoy, Barrington's Bridge.

Limerick City—T. Kane, Esq., M.D., George's street, Limerick.

Londonderry City and County—Samuel M. Alexander, Esq., Newtownlimavady.

Longford County—Sir Thomas J. Fetherston, Bart., Prospect, Enniscorthy.

Louth County—Michael Carraher, Esq., Cordistown, Ardee.

Mayo County—Hon. George Yelverton, Haycrock, Westport.

Meath County—Samuel Garnett, Esq., Arch Hall, Navan.

Monaghan County—John Leslie, Esq., Lara, Carrickmacross.

Queen's County—John Grace, Esq., Gracefield, Athy.

Roscommon County—D. H. Irwin, Esq., Beechwood, Roscommon.

Sligo County—Roger Parke, Esq., Dunally, Sligo.

Tipperary County—Hon. George S. Gough, Rathronan, Clonmel.

Tyrone County—Sir John M. Stewart, Bart., Ballygawley.

Waterford County—Sir Henry W. Barron, Bart., Barron's Court, Waterford.

Waterford City—F. H. Devereux, Esq., Ringville, Waterford.

Westmeath County—T. J. Smyth, Esq., Ballinagall, Mullingar.

Wexford County—John Roe, Esq., Ballycross, Wexford.

Wicklow County—Joseph Salkeld, Esq., Connoree, Rathdrum.

CHARLES MACKAY.

This gentleman has been delivering lectures on Poetry in various cities of the Union. He has a remarkably thick and husky voice and a most unpleasant delivery. Judging from his own verses which remind one of a grinding organ, so deficient are they in imagination and sentiment, he is the last of men who ought to select Poetry as a subject for his lectures.

But if he has no poetry in his head or heart he has an abundance of genuine English prejudice. In every letter which he has written to his paper, "*The Illustrated News*," he has something to say contemptuous of the Dutch and Irish. He would make a thorough Know-Nothing. But we think it probable that he will pour his venom on the natives, also, on his return home. He has already commenced. Speaking of the elm trees on the "common" in Boston, he remarks:

"At this advanced period of the year I noticed amid the leafless, or the brown and yellow trees that graced the Common, seven elms of most luxuriant green foliage, which seemed not to have lost a leaf, or to possess a leaf in the slightest degree discolored. These were the English Elms, sturdy Britons, flourishing in a vigorous old age, while their Yankee brethren, seedy, sapless, and woe begone looked as sallow as if they, too, like their human compatriots, smoked immoderately, chewed tobacco, spat, lived in heated rooms, and, in the over hurry to get rich, did injustice to their physical nature!"—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13, 1858.

The small, dark spot which was seen on the political horizon, portending the coming storm in Congress, when last I wrote you, burst forth in the House of Representatives on Saturday morning last at twenty minutes to 2 o'clock. It would be unnecessary for me to go into a detailed statement of every little circumstance which led to the *emeute*, in which not less than a dozen members "paired off," on the floor, in front of the Speaker's chair, and then and there for some minutes tried to bring the Kansas question to a "bleeding issue," as they do bull fights in Spain, by taking the animals by the nose.

During the whole of the night, up to that hour above stated,—for I was a witness of the whole proceedings until the House adjourned at 6 1-2 o'clock next morning, and can therefore speak from personal observation,—the best feelings were exhibited among members on both sides of the Hall. Yet, it was evident to the close observer, that the spark which lay dormant beneath the smouldering mass which concealed its glare, only required the slightest puff of passion to set the whole in a blaze. Happily, for all parties, no deadly weapons were used, or attempted to be used, in the melee, though I momentarily expected to have seen them in the hands of some of the hot blood in the mob of members directly under my eye, numbering not less, at least, than a hundred or more.

After several ineffectual attempts to bring the question to a close by members of both parties, Gen. Quitman at last prevailed by resolution, ably and promptly seconded by Speaker Orr, postponing the further consideration of the subject, and making it a special order for Monday, the 8th inst. The vote of that date on the question resulted, as your readers already know, in favor of the secret committee by 114 ayes to 111 nays, thus defeating the President a second time on two of his pet measures; the four regiment bill being the first of them.

As I also hinted in my last, Gov. Wise has again appeared before the public in a long letter to the meeting of the Democratic anti-Lecomptonites of Philadelphia, in which he takes issue with the President on all his arguments contained in his special message of the 9th, transmitting the Kansas constitution to Congress. It will require a mind superior to the most rigid rules of logic, common sense and fair dealing, to overthrow his positions on that epistle; and, no matter what may be the feelings of party asperity towards him at this moment, for the independent and honest stand that he has taken in defence of the rights of the people, the South, nay, the whole country, will come to his rescue when this storm of passion and perfidy shall have blown over, and shower upon him the unbought praises of a free people, whom his wisdom and manliness will have rescued from the grossest fraud ever attempted to be practised upon their credulity. *There is honor enough yet left in the South to refuse the bone, tainted with corruption, that is thrown to dogs by those who want to kennel them;* and when the merits of this whole subject come to be laid before both Houses in proper form, the innate sense of right, if not the fear of shame, will deter many a member from plunging with it into an ignoble political grave.

In the House yesterday, Mr. Hoard of your State essayed to raise a select committee of three to enquire into charges made by the press against Mr. Burns, of Ohio, of selling his vote for a *quid pro quo* to the Administration, to defeat Mr. Harris' resolution of enquiring into the Kansas frauds. The House refused the enquirage upon a more technical turn of the House rules; nor was the Hon. gentleman himself over anxious to press the investigation, as I think he ought to have been if guiltless. Had it been authorized, it might have turned out that a certain ex-member of Congress, the Hon. Mr. Kennon, had come here expressly for the purpose of operating with him to change his views in favor of Lecompton, and getting for him, or some of his family, the Northern Marshalship of Ohio in consideration thereof.

It is one of the most silly—not to say contemptible, practices of certain *Honorable* gentlemen on the floor of Congress, when the correspondents and reporters for the press ferret out frauds in that body, and point with unerring aim at the sources where they may be found, to term such information "scurrilous communications." This class of microscopic animalcula, if stripped of their Senatorial or Representative mantles, are about the smallest pot-house politicians that ever attended a primary meeting in the purlieus of Baltimore or New Orleans. The persons attacked are above and beyond them in the scale of moral rectitude, at least, if not in every other attribute becoming gentlemen. The Congressional proceedings for twenty years may be searched in vain for the evidence of reporters and correspondents being convicted by either House of taking bribes, while we all know that this cannot be said of the class with which our accusers are officially associated. The corruption investigating committees of this and the last sessions are patent to the subject; and the *purity* of that rule of ethics which contradistinguishes the conduct of *legislators*, from that of the reporters of legislation, may not be inaptly compared to a charnal house by the side of a salting establishment.

Messrs. Wade and Callaner (Republicans), and Douglas (Democrat), will, respectively, in the course of the week, make minority reports from the Committees on Territories in the Senate, to whom so much of the President's Message as relates to Kansas, was referred.

The Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, is stopping at Willard's. The old gentleman, though advanced in years, retains his faculties as fresh and as vigorous as they were twelve years ago, when he was in the U. S. Senate.

SIGMA.

CALIFORNIA INTELLIGENCE.—The *Star of the West* arrived here on Saturday last, bringing California dates to the 20th January, and $1,348,507 in treasure. J. N. Johnson, the former Governor, has retired, and John B. Weller has been inaugurated. The new Governor has issued an inaugural address, in the course of which he makes the following remarks when speaking of illegal organizations: "It is my duty to see that the laws are faithfully executed, and it is scarcely necessary for me to say that the whole power of the State will be used when required to protect our regularly organized tribunals and maintain the supremacy of the laws."

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

January 14, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Edward Arthur Sayers, Esq., of Richmond Park, county Limerick, to Susan, daughter of the late William Boxwell, Esq., M.D., of Woodville, in the Queen's County.

January 17, at Francis street Church, Bridget, daughter of the late Thomas Slevin, Esq., to Thomas Kavanagh, Esq.

January 13, in St. Malachy's Catholic Chapel, Belfast, James Cuming, Esq., M.D., to Harriet, daughter of Francis M'Laughlin, Esq., of Belfast.

January 17, in Limerick, Thomas Lightfoot, Esq., to Rosabella, daughter of Lambert D. Goggin, Esq., of London.

January 7, in Cheltenham, Thomas Firth, Esq., of Sheffield, to Julia, daughter of the late Rev. Richard Hobart, of New Ross, county Wexford.

DEATHS.

January 16, at Great George's street, Cork, in her 80th year, Bridget, relict of Mr. Anthony Ransome, brower, Cullenagh Cottage, Newcastle, county Limerick.

December 16, at Naples, Matilda, daughter of the late Arthur C. Macartney, Esq., of Stephen's green, Dublin.

January 13, in Belfast, Charlotte, relict of Captain Hamilton, 46th regiment.

In Denzille street, of bronchitis, Captain A. Burke, late of the 2d West India regiment.

January 5, at her residence, Hardwicke place, Frances, daughter of the late Edmond, and sister of the late Michael Finn, Esqs., Kilkenny.

January 15, in Lower Gardiner street, Robert Doyle, Esq.

January 15, in Montgomery street, at the venerable age of 102, Mrs. Christian Rogers. She retained her faculties to the last.

January 8, in Paris, Eliza Maria, relict of W. P. Creagh, Esq., of Landscape, county Clare.

January 12, at the Convent of Mercy, Blandford square, London, Sister De Sales Hearn, daughter of the late Thomas Hearn, Esq., M.D., of Waterford.

January 12, at Killarney, Anne, daughter of William Maybury, Esq., solicitor.

January 12, at Cheltenham, Mary, relict of Major Hull, of Donaghadee, county Down.

January 13, at Castletown, in the county of Sligo, aged 70 years, Thomas Jones, Esq.

January 13, at Clonakilty, county Cork, William Sweeny, Esq.

January 13, at Odcasa Cottage, Wexford, Sarah, relict of Pierse Hughes, Esq.

January 14, at Newtownforbes, the Rev. George Beatty Moore.

January 15, at Ballina, county Mayo, William M. Joyner, Esq.

January 15, the Rev. Edmund Connery, parish priest of Fedamore and Manister, in the 74th year of his age.

January 16, at Woodlands, near Carrick-on-Suir, J. O'Donnell, Esq.

January 16, Mildred Amelia, wife of J. E. MacCarthy, Esq., of Waterstown House, Queenstown.

January 14, at Dungannon, Mary Anne Garvey, daughter of the late Alexander Irwin, Esq., of Morce, county Tyrone.

January 14, in London, aged 79 years, Elizabeth, widow of S. Dudley, Esq., formerly of Dudley, Roscrea.

January 16, at his seat Rosebuck, county of Cavan, Joseph Lynch, Esq., J. P., in the 52d year of his age.

December 20, at Funchal, Madeira, Fanny Barbara, wife of John Park, Esq., of Ballyness House, near Coleraine, in the county of Derry.

January 1, at Dundoan, Coleraine, Mr. Wm. Glenn, aged 101 years.

On the 6th of January, at the venerable and patriarchal age of 116, Mr. James Lawler, of Bonnybrook, deeply lamented by all who knew him. During the long period of his patriarchal life, he was never known to have experienced a day's illness, and lived a most temperate and industrious life. His mortal remains were accompanied to its last resting place by a numerous cortage of his sorrowing friends to Glasnevin.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ROYAL SACRILEGE.—A letter from Stockholm says: "The cathedral of Upsal, as is well known, contains the tombs of the Kings of Sweden. The coffin of King Gustavus I. (Gustavus Wasa, born in 1490, Lieutenant of the Kingdom in 1521; elected to the throne on the 6th of June, 1523, and who died on the 29th of September, 1560) was lately opened, and the sceptre and the crown of Queen Gunille-Bjelke, which had been buried with him, had been taken out in order to verify by the quality of the gold if they were really those which had been originally placed there. The examination proving satisfactory they were again replaced. The coffins of King John III., who died in 1592, of Queen Gunille-Bjelke, and of the three wives of King Gustavus were also in this cathedral. The coffins, which are of lead and wood, covered with velvet, are placed in sarcophagi of bronze. The inside of them now only contain pieces of stuffs, jewels, and bones; by the side of the remains of Queen Gunille was placed in a state of perfect preservation, and detached from the head, her magnificent hair, the remembrance of which is handed down in history and in the national poetry."

TRANSPORT OF TROOPS TO INDIA.—In connection with the accounts of the war in India, it may be interesting to have some information of the manner in which officers and men are forwarded up the country from Calcutta. They proceed by railroad 140 miles to Raneegunge, where there is a standing camp. From thence they are sent on by these modes of conveyance, namely, horse dak, bullock dak, and coolie dak. The first is used only for officers in command and on the staff, and consists of a covered van in which the traveller can lie at length. It is drawn by horses which gallop all the way, and are changed every four or five miles. Eighty miles a day can thus be accomplished. A native servant, and in some cases an English soldier as a guard, are seated on the top. The bullock and coolie daks are also covered vans drawn by bullocks, or borne by ten natives. Each accommodates four soldiers, and two march, who are carried in turn. In this manner thirty miles a day can be traversed, and 250 men are thus daily sent to the front.—*Morning Chronicle.*

MR. EMERSON AT FAULT.—Mr. Emerson, in his "Representative Men," curiously enough remarks that the coarseness of Montaigne is explained by the fact that such writings were never intended to be read by ladies. This was so little the case that not one of his Essays is dedicated to a man. He tells us himself that the translation of Raymond de Sebonde had been much read by ladies, who had been puzzled by the meaning, and had come to him for enlightenment. He, therefore, wrote the "Apology," addressing it to Marguerite of Navarre. The "Essay on the Love of Fathers to their Children" is addressed to Madame d'Estissac; the collection of La Boetie's "Sonnets" to Madame de Grammond; the "Essay on Education" to the Comtesse de Gurson; and in the midst of the last Essay of the Second Book—that is, of the last Essay published in the first edition—we find intercalated a dedication to Madame de Duras, another lady belonging to the Grammont family.—*Biography of Montaigne, the Essayist.*

CHANGED AT NURSE.—The *Trieste Gazette* relates the following mysterious story: "One of the noblest families of Verona has just learnt that it has been the victim of an audacious fraud. The young heir to the property having many years ago been out to nurse, it so happened, one day, that he fell from a chest of drawers and broke his arm. Soon after the mother arrived to visit her infant. The nurse, afraid of revealing the truth, presented her own child instead of the little sufferer. The fraud succeeded, and the idea then struck her that she had better allow it to continue. The young peasant accordingly received the education of a noble, and the nobleman was brought up to follow the plough. It was but a few years ago that the nurse, on her death-bed, confessed her crime. The peasant, her son, is now married to a noble lady, and it is not known how the interests engaged in the matter can be fairly conciliated."

INDIAN HORRORS.—We have always believed that the tales of horrors brought from India were grossly exaggerated, and it is now oozing out that such was the case. Letters from officers at Agra have been published, stating that the hideous stories of atrocities alleged to have been committed at Delhi are for the most part mere fabrications. Among the victims of the massacre at Delhi was a Miss Jennings, who, it now appears, was suddenly murdered while sitting at breakfast. Horrible stories got into print of the barbarous outrages to which the young lady was said to have been subjected, and which were all due to the refined invention of somebody or other. When our contemporaries built up their declamations on these fictitious horrors, they might have thought of the causeless agony which they were inflicting on the bereaved friends of the dead.—*John Bull.*

DANGER OF FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.—It is a matter of course that no mother will allow any ignorant person to have access to her child who will frighten it with goblin stories or threats of an old black man. She might as well throw up her charge at once, and leave off thinking of household education altogether, as permit her child to be exposed to such maddening inhumanity as this. The instances are not few of idiocy or death from terror so caused.—*Harriet Martineau.*

DEPARTURE OF JAMES SPOLLEN.—James Spollen, whose name will be long associated with the murder of Mr. Little, has at length taken his departure for a distant part of the globe. He arrived in Liverpool some weeks ago. For a short time curiosity to see so notorious an individual induced many persons to visit him, and by exhibiting himself to anxious spectators he raised a little money. Gradually, however, all interest in him ceased, and he was reduced to extreme poverty. At last means were obtained to provide a passage for him and his son James, a youth about seventeen, and they have taken their depature from this port. Previous to his departure Spollen had his whiskers shaved, his hair dyed, and his beard trimmed, and so completely was he disguised that his own son did not at first know him. Of course the passage for father and son was taken in a fictitious name, and if the two can keep their own counsel they are likely to arrive in a distant land without being recognized.

BUONAPARTE CROWNED BY MADAME DE MONTESSON.—As soon as Buonaparte was raised to the consulate, he sent to invite Madame de Montesson to the Tuileries. On her entrance, he immediately advanced to meet her, and begged of her to ask him for any favor she required. "But, General, I have no right to ask anything at your hands." "Do you not know, Madam, that I received my first crown from your hands? You came to Brienne with the Duke of Orleans to distribute the prizes, and placing on my head the laurel which has certainly been the *precursor* of *some* others, you said: 'May it bring you happiness!' I am a fatalist, madam, so it is very natural that I should bear this in mind though you have doubtless forgotten all about it. I shall be happy to serve you in any way. Besides, the polish of good society is well nigh lost in France: it must still abide with you. I should be the better of some traditions, you will be good enough to give them to my wife."

AN ALLIGATOR SHOT.—Upon casting my eyes on the water, I saw a small black snout just above the water. It was perfectly still, not a ripple showing that it possessed life. Watching it attentively for a few moments, I saw it begin slowly to rise, and then recognized the head of an alligator. Aiming between the eyes, I lodged a bullet there, which struck with a crash. The alligator sank instantly but I could see that the water was agitated, as though the monster were having a tussle for his life among the mud and reeds below the surface. I kept a sharp look out at different shallow parts near the pool, but could not see him rise anywhere. A party went the next day on my trail, and examined the river, and found the scaly monster, floating and quite dead in the pool where I had left him.—*Sporting Scenes amongst the Kaffirs.*

A SLEEPY BRIDE.—"The *Journal des Debats* tells of a young couple who went to a church at Lyons to be married. During the time the ecclesiastic who presided at the ceremony was addressing them, the bride fell into a most profound sleep, which lasted till the moment came at which the young husband was to put the nuptial ring on the finger of his drowsy partner; but, on perceiving her state of unconsciousness, he was, as may readily be believed, shocked and irritated at such a flagrant disregard of all decency. After the conclusion of the ceremony he informed his bride's friends that he would not live with her; and giving them two thousand francs for her, as stipulated in the contract, left."

AN IMPOSSIBLE CHARM.—John Bruce, Highland Piper to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, prescribed, as a remedy for cramp, with which his master was often afflicted, twelve stones taken from twelve south-running streams, on which Sir Walter was to sleep, and be of course restored. Sir Walter told him that the receipt was infallible, but to make it entirely successful, the stones must be wrapped in a petticoat belonging to a widow who had never wished to marry again. This was hopeless, and the piper abandoned his efforts to complete the charm.

THE FIRST JEW Q.C.—The opening of the Manchester law courts was recently rendered remarkable for the following incident. Amongst the batch of counsel who have just received silk, and took their seat within the bar, appears the name of Mr. Goldsmid. He is a son of the Baron Goldsmid, and is the first member of the Hebrew persuasion who has yet attained that dignity. There is another step in that gradual social "Jewish emancipation" which has of late advanced with such steady progress.

The greatest marriage which, in point of fortune, can take place in Europe is about to be contracted at Paris. A Princess Troubetzkoi is about to marry her cousin, and each of the parties is entitled to a fortune of £100,000 per annum. The bridegroom (a young officer wounded in the Crimea, being left for dead upon the field) has come to Paris for medical advice. He is fast recovering from an almost hopeless condition, with the loss, however, of the left eye and the amputation of the left arm just above the elbow. The mutilation has in nowise affected the sentiments of the fair intended, who insisted upon accompanying her *fiance* to Paris, in order to comfort and attend him during his convalescence.

The papers and correspondence of the late Eneas MacDonnell, Esq., were placed by him, some time previous to his decease, in the hands of his son-in-law, Nicholas J. Gannon, Esq., of Lara, with a view to his political life being embodied by that gentleman in a form for publication; and that it is the intention of Mr. Gannon to present the public with a biography of his father-in-law, at as early a date as possible.

The Freemasons sprung originally from the wandering masons of Como, in Lombardy, who visited town after town where their services were required. This confederation of *Magistri Comacini* did, in time, as work failed in their own country, visit other lands. Houses, or lodges, were established for their reception or aid, much as at the present day exists among the German travelling apprentices, only that, in a great measure, monasteries were their headquarters and homes. As their expertness became known, their assistance was more widely sought, and few buildings of importance arose in the twelfth century which they had not assisted in constructing. The clergy were wealthy, the nobles generous, and the people zealous, so much so, that the Bishop of Rouen, writing in the year 1145, informs us that the inhabitants of Chartres were generally employed in casting materials for the construction of the cathedral at their own expense; but skilled workmen were scarce, and it was from this society of masons that the principal workmen were obtained. At the close of the thirteenth century, Edwin von Steinbach, the architect of Strasburg Cathedral, was elected head of the Freemasons in Germany, and was granted extensive privileges by the Emperor and the Pope. In the fifteenth century, masonic lodges existed in Alsace and Germany, which appear to have been regular schools of architecture and sculpture. In 1452, Dotzinger, of Strasburg, formed all the scattered German lodges into a national association; and in 1459 a general council was held at Ratisbon, where the rules of the society were definitely arranged, and the architects to Strasburg Cathedral chosen as perpetual grand masters. The extent and power of this German association was very great, but as the power of the Freemasons rose with the rise of Gothic architecture, so with its fall they fell, and little now remains of them but a name.—*Digby Wyatt.*

A herdsman from a village in the neighborhood of Langres, whose aerial experiments attracted some attention about two years ago, has again tried his hand at flying through the air, not, as before, alone and in the silence of night, but in the presence of a large number of spectators. This ingenious herdsman had invented and constructed, with the aid of a locksmith of Langres, a pair of immense wings, adapted to the human body, and moved by mechanism extremely simple. His first experiment was not as successful as he wished, so after two years the herdsman has matured his invention, and brought it to perfection at last. He announced to the public that all was ready. Some weeks since, accompanied by an immense crowd, he appeared in the plain. He first invested himself with his armor, and then unfurled his gigantic wings, and raised himself about twenty-five feet from the surface of the earth, but unfortunately our new Icarius, not being able to direct his flight in any particular direction, was obliged to descend. A new experiment, which the inventor announces as decisive, will obviate all difficulties. The learned men are invited to be present at his next essay, when perhaps we shall see an obscure herdsman realize our dreams, and merit the glorious sirname of the man-bird.—*French paper.*

Symptoms of the approaching struggle between the English Government and the East India Company are manifesting themselves in forms which indicate clearly what the character of that struggle is to be. All reserve is thrown off at both sides, and the strife has become resolved into an undisguised contest for power and patronage. Even the press, at first cautious and hesitating, or violent and unreflecting, is now decidedly taking up its position on the battle-ground under the one banner or the other; nor is it the least noticeable circumstance connected with this part of the movement that most of the organs supposed to represent particular interests, or particular sections of public opinion, have entirely altered their views since the question was opened. Some of the journals that have been most clamorous for a strict revision of our administration in and for India, have become advocates of the Company as against the Government, believing that the total absorption of power and authority in the hands of the Minister of the day would be more mischievous than the present system.—*Home News.*

The letter from King James, the son of Mary Queen of Scotland, to Elizabeth, appealing to Elizabeth to spare his mother's life, is still extant; it was written when he was in his twentieth year, and contains passages of much tenderness, as the following passage will show: "What thing, madam, can greater touch me in honor, that both as a king and a son, than that my nearest neighbor, being in the straightest friendship with me, shall rigorously put to death a free, sovereign prince, and my natural mother." On one occasion, he was heard to say: "I am unable to revenge the heinous murder committed on my mother. First, in respect of my tender youth, not trained up in dexterity of arms, either to withstand the injuries, or to conquer mine own right, being at all times bygone, detained in captivity. Next my excessive cupidity from hand to hand, from needy to needy, from greedy to greedy, having sufficient patrimony and casualty, and yet as none at all in store."

When Mann Sing's adhesion to the insurgent's cause in Oude became known, all the small Talookdars, who had hitherto stood aloof, hastened to make the best terms they could for themselves with the rebels. With a view to make their accession more acceptable, such of those as had previously conceded to and protected European fugitives, delivered them up to the enemy.

A gentleman at Geneva shot a fine fox, and had it skinned. Liking the appearance of the animal when flayed, he determined upon having the hind quarters cooked. They were placed on the iron railings of his garden, but by some means the string broke, and the tempting joint fell into the road, and was seen by two children, who, imagining it to be the remnants of a human body, ran off in affright, and spread the report through the village. The mayor went on the spot, and entertained the same opinion as the children. Various absurd, but horrid reports, were freely circulated. The sportsmen being arrested, related the facts of the case, but his story was discredited, and a rigid search was ordered in his house. There the skin and the head of the animal were found, and the mayor was at length convinced of his error.

The detailed accounts of the repulse of General Windham represent it exactly as it was expected to turn out—an unmitigated disaster, the result of gross blundering in generalship. The whole detachment narrowly escaped entire destruction. They were outflanked by the enemy, a panic seized them, and the troops came tumbling in on each other in complete rout. But for the opportune arrival of Sir Colin Campbell the whole force would probably have been destroyed. "An alarm," says one letter, "was spread through all, and a retreat was sounded. Helter skelter all came tumbling back into the fort. One of the twenty-four pounders got upset in the town and was left behind, and the chaos of the intrenchment at nightfall was beyond parallel." All the staff were killed.—*Cork Examiner.*

M. Ciret Bertrand, of Tincourt, (Marne,) on opening the door of his sitting-room, in which were several persons, was astonished to see a wolf jump in, catch up his dog, which was lying on the hearth asleep, and ran off with it! Seizing a thick stick, he went in pursuit, and, overtaking the wolf in a corridor, struck him several blows; but the animal, in spite of the large size and resistance of the dog, continued his course, and got into the open air. After going about sixty yards, however, the wolf, finding itself in danger of being overtaken by several persons who had joined M. Ciret Bertrand, dropped the dog, and escaped.

There was formerly a certain Bonaventure Buonaparte who lived and died in a cloister. The poor man had been long at rest in the grave, and not a word about him, when Napoleon Buonaparte ascended the throne of France. Directly, his courtiers took it into their heads to remember that this monk had been a pattern of rare virtues and excellent qualities which no one had ever heard of before, and they proposed to the Emperor to have him canonized. "For God's sake," said he, "spare me that ridicule! As the sovereign pontiff is in my power, people would be sure to say that I had forced him to make one of my family a saint."

The Marquess of Kildare is to be added to the list of royal and noble authors. Last summer he printed twenty-five copies of a historical account of the Geraldines for private circulation, but so many persons have asked in vain for copies, that he has now consented that an impression of 100 copies should be published by Messrs. Hodges, Smith & Co. It is in the style of Lord Lindsay's very amusing book on the noble family to which he belongs.—*Literary Gazette.*

A member of the Academie des Sciences of Paris, who is also an eminent chemist, has invented an apparatus which he thinks will enable human beings to breathe as freely at the bottom of the sea as on the surface of the earth. He proposes to form an association for collecting all the treasures now lying at the bottom of the ocean, and estimates at about £800,000,000 sterling the harvest of treasure to be gleaned on the route between England and India only.—*Paris paper.*

The Ironmasters of Belgium held a meeting at Brussels, lately, to come to an understanding on the subject of an order for a considerable supply of rails for the Russian lines which had been offered to Belgium. The quantity would amount to about 176,000 tons, to be delivered in four years. Belgium may be now considered as one of the largest manufacturing countries of rails in Europe; it was agreed that the orders might be undertaken.

An electric telegraph is expected to be completed shortly between Adelaide and Melbourne. A great project has also been mooted at the latter place, by some private individuals, for securing telegraphic communication with London! Prodigious!

According to a recent statistical return, there exist in the Catholic provinces of Prussia 69 convents and religious communities, comprising 976 members, of whom about three-fifths are females. They are principally Ursulines and sisters of charity.

The last *London Gazette* contained 136 notices of bankruptcy, including woollen manufacturers, several muslin dealers and cloth merchants, and general dealers, whose joint liabilities exceed three millions sterling.

The Princess de Solmes, a daughter of Madame Bonaparte Wyse, is about starting a newspaper at the fashionable watering place of Aix les Bains.

The Emperor of Austria is stated to be about to revoke the prohibition of Jews from holding landed property.

Mr. Kingsley's new volume of poetry, now in the press, is entitled "Andromeda, and other Poems."

Rossini is said to be about to give to the musical world six new songs.

HOME MISCELLANY.

A Hyena Loose in Paulding County, Ohio.—A striped hyena broke loose from his cage in the barn of Mr. Eli Watson, a few miles west of Paulding. The beast is the property of Mr. Ganung (formerly of the firm of Maybe, Ganung & Co., well-known circus and menagerie proprietors), who quarters his collection of animals during the winter season at the farm of the above-named. The monster was not missed until daylight. Raising a numerous crowd of farmers, Mr. Watson went in search of him. Knowing the terrible instincts of the animal, the party proceeded to a graveyard about a mile distant and there found him. He had disinterred two newly-buried bodies, and mostly devoured them. He had also partly dug up other graves. To capture the monster alive in his then infuriated state was, of course, an impossibility. Mr. Watson, therefore, fired a rifle at him, but did not hit him. The monster sprang in among the men, pounced upon a German named Paffenburg, killing him almost instantly. A boy and two men in the crowd were also knocked over and considerably though not dangerously injured. The German was the only person killed. The hyena made for the woods. It was reported that he killed a man on his way thither, but the report is not authenticated. A large force was immediately raised, and the animal was pursued, but at last accounts had not been found. The hyena formerly belonged to Van Amburgh & Co., and is said to be the largest one of his species in America. He had been reared in a cage, and had always been considered as tame and peaceable as animals of this kind can be rendered. His escape, fearful work, and his pursuit have, we need hardly add, created great excitement in the vicinity of Paulding.—*Cleveland* (Ohio) *Herald.*

The Wife of Benedict Arnold.—The Boston *Post* says: "We have been accustomed to sympathize with the wife of Arnold, in the distress which Hamilton's account represents her as having suffered on being apprised of her husband's treason and flight; but if the following is true, our sympathies have been wasted. According to Parton's life of Burr, he was sitting one evening with Mrs. Prevost, when the approach of a party of horse was heard, and soon after a lady, veiled and attired in a riding habit, burst into the room, and hurrying toward Mrs. Prevost, was on the point of addressing her. Seeing a gentleman present whom, in the dim light of the apartment, she did not recognize, she paused, and asked in an anxious tone—'Am I safe? Is this gentleman a friend?' 'Oh, yes,' was Mrs. Prevost's reply, 'he is my most particular friend, Colonel Burr.' 'Thank God,' exclaimed Mrs. Arnold, for she it was; 'I have been playing the hypocrite, and I am tired of it.' She then gave an account of the way she had deceived Washington, Hamilton, and the other American officers, who, she said, believed her innocent of treason, and had given her an escort of horse from West Point. She made no scruple of confessing the part she had borne in the negotiation with the British general, and declared it was she who induced her husband to do what he had done."

Ancient Reminiscences.—A friend has handed to us for perusal the *Ulster County Gazette*, published at Kingston, New York, by Samuel Freer & Son, dated Jan. 4, 1800. It does not require much time to read its contents, it being in size about 15 by 20 inches, but it is a very interesting sheet notwithstanding. It was at this time one of the leading papers of the State, yet the proprietor does not trouble himself about editorials, there not being a line of such in the paper. This number is dressed in mourning for the death of General Washington, who departed this life on the 14th Dec., 1799. It contains the proceedings of Congress relative to this event—the address of the Senate to the President (John Adams) and his reply, and a full description of the funeral ceremonies at Mount Vernon, all of which is even now extremely interesting. In it we find also the early mode adopted of opening the annual session of Congress, the formal address of the Senate and House to the President, and his equally dignified and formal reply to both of those bodies. *Late* and important from Europe consists of extracts from London papers dated October 18, about eighty days old, hardly up to the present ten day passages. The war in Europe is at this time in full blast, and accounts of numerous bloody engagements are given, with the English version, of course.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

Temperance among the Indians.—About two years since, Father Eugin Vetromile undertook the temperance reformation of the Penobscot tribe of Indians. As the reward of his untiring labors he now has the pleasure of announcing that more than one-half of the tribe have taken the pledge and strictly adhere to it. We now no longer see drunken Indians in the streets of Bangor; we learn that such is the fact also in the streets of Oldtown. Recently, Piel Lola Nsicaque, Sa-Batts Mohak, and Zozep Lola, who have hitherto been regarded as hard customers, triumphed over appetite and took the pledge. Father Vetromile has the thanks of the community for his missionary labors.

Rice Culture in California.—The Stockton *Republican* announces that a number of Chinamen, familiar with the culture of rice at home, have engaged to prepare lands for the culture of this cereal in that vicinity, and no doubt is expressed but it may be made a profitable branch of husbandry on the overflowed lands of that country.

Accident and Narrow Escape in Oldtown.—A young man by the name of Ballister was skating recently between Oldtown and the Island, some distance above the Railroad Bridge. In consequence of the swiftness of the current, the channel of the river is open several rods above the falls, which are immediately below the bridge. Ballister ventured too near the edge of the ice, and was precipitated into the stream. Quite a large number of people were, at the time, crossing over to the island to attend church, and hastened to Ballister's relief. Boards and planks were thrown to him, but he seemed to have no power to help himself. He went down the stream very rapidly, and was in imminent danger of going over the falls, which would have been instant death. An athletic Indian named Batis Denis, seeing the danger, launched a light canoe from the Island side, and paddled it with great swiftness down the stream, and reached the young man when within a rod of the falls. The Indian seized him with one hand, and with the paddle in the other, he almost miraculously kept his canoe from going over the falls, until the large boats came up. Ballister was taken out benumbed and senseless. His escape was indeed a narrow one.—*Bangor City Union.*

A Pleasing Incident.—A few years since, says the *Evening Post*, when Mr. Westervelt was Mayor of this city, a very pretty and intelligent little girl was seen daily about the City Hall, with a basket on her arm, retailing apples. Her fine appearance and proper demeanor attracted the Mayor's attention, and he one day called her into his private office and questioned her. Her answers confirmed his favorable impressions, and he told her she ought to go to school. She replied that she was anxious to do so, but that her mother had not the means to educate her, and she was compelled to sell apples for a livelihood. The Mayor called in some of his friends, to whom the case was stated, and a purse of seventy or eighty dollars was made up on the spot. With this, and other sums contributed from time to time, the girl was sent to school, where her habits were studious and her conduct uniformly commendable. She has, within a few weeks, passed an examination by the City Superintendent, received a certificate of competency, and is now engaged as a teacher in one of the schools of the city, in which capacity she has thus far given satisfaction.

The Cause of the Suicides.—The New Orleans *Bulletin*, referring to the suicides of Senator of Rusk, Anson Jones, and many others who have destroyed themselves, comes to the conclusion that if the real facts could be known, it would be found that in a vast majority of instances the cause is to be found in cups! and adds: "The extensive adulterations of liquors which have taken place of late years, act upon the brain and destroy its proper functions. Physicians and others know well that the brain is liable to disease, almost as much so, perhaps, as any other organ, and when it is so the individual is—crazy! and does not know what he is doing. The brain of the drunkard, it is well known, will take fire, emitting a bluish light, and causing a smell like burning alcohol. We are strongly inclined to think that most suicides by males are referable to this as the primary cause."

Tall Men.—From a notice of Surgeon-General Lawson's report in the "American Journal of the Medical Sciences" it is ascertained that the tallest men enlisted in the United States are from the State of Georgia, where, out of one hundred enlisted, thirty were six feet and over; while the shortest men are from New York, where only four out of one hundred were six feet. The tallest recruit from Georgia was six feet six inches, and the mean height of the recruits thence was five feet eight inches. The tallest enlisted man from New York was six feet one and a half inches, and the mean height of New York recruits was five feet six inches. The Southern and Western States produce the tallest men, and the Middle and Eastern States the shortest.

Selecting Flour.—The following directions for the selection of flour have been given by those long accustomed to dealing in this article. They are useful hints, though it requires some experience to select the best flour by the eye alone. The directions are: It must pack into a ball and not fall in powder, when a portion is pressed together in the hands. When a portion is thrown against a smooth *perpendicular* surface it must stick in a lump or at least not scatter in a fine powder. When a little of it is wet and kneaded, it should work dry and elastic, not soft and sticky. It should be of pure white, without a bluish tint. No minute black specks should be found on a close examination. A slight yellow or straw color is not a bad sign."

The Winter at the South.—At the South, we are told, green peas and new potatoes are abundant. In the vicinity of New Orleans, on some plantations, the orange trees are putting forth their blossoms, and in others are yielding an abundance of fruit. The *Pycayune* acknowledges the receipt of a mess of ripe strawberries, grown in the open air, without the aid of glass. A letter from Florida says: "Peach trees are in full bloom, and all kinds of trees are out like May. People are very busy gardening." In Mobile roses and all kinds of flowers are in full bloom.

Rather Early.—The Wyoming County *Mirror* is informed by a gentleman who has just returned from a visit to Chautauque County, that a number of the farmers there, taking advantage of the late warm weather, had sown their spring wheat.

Farmers of the Old School.—Adam was a farmer, while yet in Paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer, and his stern endurance has passed into a proverb. Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling, the glory of his immortal philosophy. Cincinnatus was a farmer, and one of the noblest of the Romans. Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at the plow and filled his soul with poetry. Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy a quiet rural life, and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

Edward Everett's Sister a Sister of Charity.—The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) *Express* writes: "It is not, perhaps, generally known that the Hon. Edward Everett has a sister now performing the sacred duties of a Sister of Charity; yet such is the fact, and she is about to take the position of the Lady Superior of St. Joseph's Seminary in this city. She will probably arrive nearly at the same time with Mr. Everett, who is coming to deliver his grand oration on the character of Washington."

New use for Chloroform.—It is reported that in Taunton, Mass., several fat hogs have been stolen by first administering chloroform, and then taking them from the pens, without as much as raising a sqeal.

A Climax.—A Yankee, boasting of a visit which he had paid to the Queen, clinched his remarks by declaring, "I should have been invited to stay to dinner, but it was washing day."

The Brunswick (Mo.) *Journal* has the following: "A stone-mason named John Farris had resided in this city for some time. He was esteemed by every one for his industry and upright conduct. He married a young country girl, by whom he had several children. He built him a house, and lived in peace and comfort—for he could easily earn three dollars a day. What then was the surprise of all on learning that this honest workman and father of a family had just been arrested on authority as a *Fugitive Slave!* Certainly it never would have entered into the mind of any one, however close the scrutiny—that J. Farris had African blood in his veins. But the Judges, to whom, without doubt, were furnished undisputed evidence of the former condition of the unfortunate man, surrendered him up to the Deputy Marshal of Alabama, and Farris was taken away to slavery, leaving behind his wife and family and the little home, which, by long years of industry, he had reared. Farris is owned by a man named Raglan, residing in Alabama, from whom he escaped in 1852, and after many dramatic adventures took refuge in Pittsburg; but a man named Shaw, who had been sent out in pursuit, succeeded in discovering him, and the poor slave had to leave precipitately. It was then that he conceived the project of coming to Brunswick. The wife wished to follow the husband to Alabama, but after much entreaty on his part, she consented, for her children's sake, to remain behind. Some friends of the unfortunate family subscribed $3,000, which they offered for the release of Farris, but Raglan, the master, refused to sell.

The French population of Canada still cherish some beautiful customs, which it is a pity are local. Every son and daughter, out at service, or for any other reason away from home, if it be by any means in their power, hastens to the parental cottage early in the morning, though but for a moment, to greet the father and mother, and receive their solemn blessing. If any feud or quarrel has occurred during the year between members of a family, or between neighbors and acquaintances, on this day either party has but to make the New Year's call—no explanations are made, nothing said upon the topic of grievance, and all is wiped away, and peace and good will restored. New Year's there is a solemn festival, both sacred and secular, and one which is cherished most sacredly in the recesses of the Canadian heart.

Old Prince a favorite horse of Col. Zadoc Pratt, died a few weeks since, aged thirty years. He was without a blemish, with the most faultless symmetry of form, to which was united a spirit kind and gentle. But, though he was docile, and a fit companion for ladies, he would never falter in the hour of danger, and was as much at home on the battle-field as in the green pasture. He never had the stroke of a whip. He was a gray Messenger, with white main and tail, fifteen and a half hands high, bone and sinew in the right place. He had peculiar intelligence for a horse, and action when required. In the summer of 1856, although Old Prince was in his twenty-ninth year, the Colonel rode him forty miles, after dinner, in seven hours, and back the next day, without giving him much fatigue.—*Philadelphia paper.*

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "From the interior we learn that 'No Credit' is posted on the doors of many stores, and that consumers are by no means indisposed to unite in establishing this reform. Both have, under the pressure of the late panic, learned the disadvantages arising from the credit system, while they have not been able to discover one solitary reason why it should be continued."

A bill is now before the legislature of Virginia, which contemplates the removal of all free colored persons from the State, and provides that at the expiration of three years from the 1st of January, 1856, such as remained shall be sold into slavery to the highest bidder, except those who shall voluntarily enslave themselves.

The Boston *Post* says: "A young married lady in Vermont undertook to expel a hog from the garden, and soon drove him into a corner—when piggy turned upon his pursuer, and making a full tilt, struck her between her pedal extremities, and would have passed safely through, had his nose not caught in the folds of her hooped skirts. As it was, he took her safely on his back, and then commenced a series of circuits about the garden that rivalled the best feats of a circus ring. At length a deep loop gave way, the lady turned a somerset, while his pigship made rapid tracks in search of the aperture through which he had entered the forbidden enclosure."

A long poem entitled "Calfornia," by Augustus Hogg, has been issued by M. Wolfe, San Francisco. To give the reader an idea of Mr. Hogg's rhyme and rhythm, we quote a few lines from the best part of the production, *i. e.*, the end:

"Divorces, duels, and suicides, no more shall be,
From their train of guilt the land delivered free;
Here new Helens shall arise, and false as fair,
As she of Troy who deceived with golden hair,
Their charms and beauty for the country shall *become*
Its bane and blessing, be saved and yet *undone.*"

Mr. Hogg is a poet.

In Mr. Everett's oration on charity there was a fine episode on the hardships of the sailor earning his eighteen dollars a month at the masthead, with the sail flapping like a board in his face, breaking down with premature old age, and often having his muscles of iron made soft as an infant's, by the use of "that barrelled abomination" whose name the speaker said he would not venture to give before such an audience. This passage may be elucidated by stating in plain English that the disease referred to is the scurvy, and the "barrelled abomination" is nothing but corned beef.

The avalanche of ice and snow which descended upon the house of Mr. Elisha Murray in Montville, Maine, broke in the doors and windows, filling the lower rooms with snow and water, and burst the partitions descending into the cellar. Mrs. Murray was thrown upon the floor, and had her arms broke and her shoulder dislocated. The path of the avalanche across the farm was forty to fifty feet wide, carrying away walls, fences, &c.

A cat fish caught in the Mississippi had a gold watch in his stomach. A gentleman recognized it as one he lost overboard from a steamer last summer. The question is, who is the rightful owner now, the man who lost it, or the one who caught the fish? The fish being dead, is unable to show how he came into possession of it—the gentleman who lost the watch cannot show that the possession was not rightful and proper.

A man was employed, at a cost of six hundred dollars, says the Keokuk (Iowa) *Journal*, to remove the great iron safe of the State, in which the public documents, records, &c., are kept, from the old Capitol to the Des Moines city. He progressed as far as Marengo, Iowa County, where his valuable cargo became fastened in the mud. There it remains half buried, and so will remain until next summer.

Mrs. M'Mahon, who had the misfortune to select Buffalo as a place to commence her theatrical career, has just sent a saucy letter, inclosing a three-cent piece as a mark of her appreciation, to the editor of the Richmond *Whig*, which paper made fun of her *Lady Teazle*, in the "School for Scandal."

An American woman recently appeared before a Justice to complain of the ill-usage she received from her husband. "What pretext had he for beating you?" inquired the Justice. "Please, sir, he didn't have no pretext; it was a thick stick."

A young American lady in Paris threatens to sue President Buchanan for breach of promise. She says that, dining at her father's table, years ago, he said to her, "My dear miss, if ever I should be President, you shall be mistress of the White House."

An attempt is to be made to recover the million and a half of dollars that went down in the Central America, although she is sunk in water over five-eights of a mile deep, and in a spot that is ninety miles distant from the nearest land.

A steam hod-carrier has been invented and is in constant employment in Philadelphia. With one man to feed it, another to attend the engine, and a third to empty the hod, it performs quietly and cheaply the work of twenty men.

Senator Tazewell, now an infirm man of eighty years, is so wealthy, it is said, that he once forgot for twenty years that he had $40,000 on deposit in a certain bank drawing no interest.

Solomon Barrow, who was poisoned by his mulatto woman at Cedar Bayou, Texas, was the richest man in Liberty County, and had resided there for 35 years as a stock raiser.

The Utica *Observer* says snow is so deep on the hills in that county, at Poland, that the farmers had been obliged to take snow shovels in hand to break the way for the teams.

The editor of the Auburn *Advertiser* has seen the portrait of Brigham Young, recently brought from Mormondom, and says that he looks like Henry Ward Beecher.

The weather is mild and spring-like at Galveston, the grass is growing green, shade trees are budding ont, and the gardens are being put in order for the spring plantings.

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend; but thou mayest a friend into an enemy.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have forwarded the letters of our correspondents, relative to advertisements, to the proper parties. This is all we can be reasonably expected to do in such cases.

L.—The date is not known.

CITY READER.—A copy can be procured in any respectable publisher's.

DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

The Universe is made of trifles,
Drops of water—grains of sand,
Tiny atoms form Creation,
Moulded by the Father's hand.
A moment is a fleeting thing,
But if we count its cost—
Thousands born and buried are
In moments idly lost.

Every bird that wings the air,
Has its mission to fulfil;
Every rosebud, every dewdrop
Sparkling in the rill;
Every leaf that's scattered
By the wind upon the heath,
Has a purpose in its falling—
To ENRICH THE SOIL BENEATH.

You will find this lesson written
Always truthful, always plain,
"The Lord has sent all things for good
And maketh naught in vain."

MARIE T. HILL.

ALBANY, *Jan.* 29. 1858.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1858.

THE INDIAN QUESTION AND JOURNALS CONDUCTED BY CATHOLICS.

WE notice with regret, while we cannot doubt the necessity of, the difference in opinion and policy which the editors of the Dublin *Nation* and *Tablet* have felt called upon to express in reference to the Indian War. It is to be deplored that two journals, so long connected with each other in Irish politics, should be compelled to part company; but there are times when an honest avowal of contradictory views, among friends, is at once the best way to preserve their mutual self-respect, and to secure due consideration for their convictions. To this pass, we conceive, the editors of both journals have come—not from inclination or caprice; and we trust that the final shaking of hands which takes place in the *Nation* of the 23d ult. shall be so heartily received by both parties that every inclination to engage in a subsequent controversy will be promptly put aside. It is one thing to differ with an old friend, and another to argue with him. When that friend is a Catholic, and his paper a dignified defender of religious rights in the civil order, there is no excuse for a personal *rencontre* with him or it. Even if he seek to pin Catholicity to indifferent opinions, in no way Catholic, you can assert yourself without assailing him. Rely upon it, no Irish subscribers of either the *Nation* or *Tablet* can overlook the parity between Ireland and India; and all the arguments ever used must fail to make them believe that the persistent enemy of Catholicity in Ireland, has improved her manners, and become a bright exemplar of the Gospel, in India. Our national origin affects, very naturally, our political vision; and Catholic readers in the English language are a safe jury to whom questions of this kind may be referred without being prefaced by "cross-firing" from the opposing counsel.

These remarks, which are called forth in part by the too complimentary terms in which the *Nation* refers to our position on the Indian question, express our own sentiments in regard to those of our home contemporaries who differ with us on the same subject. If, as the *Nation* notes, we are in company with "*Brownson*, *L'Univers*, and the Continental Press," we are not, for that reason, the more inclined to transport the enmities arising out of the Indian war to this side of the Atlantic. Better Catholics, and abler men than we, think the cause of the Hindoos essentially anti-Christian. Better Catholics, and abler men than we, have detected in the Pastoral of the Vicar-Apostolic of Hindostan a confirmation of this view. Because we believe that England not only renders Catholicity uncomfortable to Europeans, but impedes its progress among Asiatics, shall we raise the cry, in presence of the common enemy, "the contrary is Saxonism?" or because, after three readings of the Vicar's Pastoral, we cannot find one word speaking of the Hindoos in the manner represented, shall we exclaim: "this is English knavery perverting facts, and we Irish should frown on it?" Let who will, do this. We have marked a different course for ourselves. If, as Catholics, we must accept men of all nations into fellowship we must make allowance for their national predilections; and an English version of a matter so far removed as the Indian war, or in so little danger of being wrongly understood by Irish readers, is the very last topic on which we would raise an issue with our fellow soldiers in the weekly crusade against sectarianism.

Even in Ireland, a supposed integral part of the British empire, the proper national sentiment on this and all other points, can be preserved without mutual recrimination between papers directed by Catholics. The feeling of the country contributes largely to this end. Its interest, as many think, points the same way. The opponent of British rule in India has, therefore, enough advantages over its defenders without seeking to direct this "feeling" and this "interest" against individual Catholics, zealous as he, and only out of place in so far as their opinions are allowed to pass beyond the English side of the Channel.

With how much less reason, then, should we, or any other Catholic journal, essay to force our peculiar notions on any of our cis-Atlantic exchanges? The Indian question is only interesting in America as a theme for harmless speculation; and the moment its discussion brings us into grips with a Catholic of a different national origin, it is a small sacrifice to drop it.

A DICTATOR OUT OF BUSINESS.

WHEN Comonfort could no longer sway the executive of Mexico to his own ends he abolished the Constitution, and sat down on the ruins of constitutional liberty as a Dictator. This action, despotic as it was, secured for him in this country a reputation for decision of character; and the fact that he administered government for a length of time afterwards, was used as an argument to prove his popularity. Decision of character and popularity!—why the man has just run from his capital without striking a blow or having one struck in his favor, and seeks security from the popular indignation, like a panting felon, carpet-bag and all, in the hotels of New Orleans.

We prophesied this result when he abrogated the instrument by which he held power, and we are only too happy to record it. Zuloaga is at the head of affairs in Mexico, and his first recorded act is said to be the revocation of Comonfort's "dismortazation" decree, by which $18,000,000 worth of Church property was sequestered for the use of rapacious officials, and not, as the *Times* asserts, "for the benefit of the people." All this property is now restored to the Church, and the same administration which hunts Comonfort from Mexico, blots at the same moment from the national conscience the crime of sacrilege.

The tone of the American press on this new feature in the life of Senor Comonfort is very instructive while characteristically unprincipled. The journals which doomed Louis Napoleon to infamy for the *coup d'etat*, laud Comonfort for assuming the powers of a dictator; and the identical papers which opposed the attempt made by Spencer, in our own Assembly, to sequestrate a portion of the enormous property of Trinity Church for the benefit of other Protestant denominations, make the welkin ring with the praises of a man who set aside the "vested rights" of the Mexican churches, many of which date from Cortez and the Conquest. Without a principle to guide them, they draw different conclusions from the same premises, simply because Comonfort played the "liberal" against the rights of the Catholic Church, which Spencer was unable to act out against a Protestant one!

The effect of Comonfort's flight on the future of Mexico must be slight when we consider the disorganization of that Republic, and the little practical power which the people, as such, exercise in moulding its destiny. The army has become, as during the decline of Rome, the head, instead of the arm, of authority. A favorite general, no matter what his politics, stands a fair chance of arriving at the supreme political power. The people's wants, the people's wishes, the good of the country, are thus sacrificed to the not over-scrupulous affection of men removed from the electrical current of thought and interest in which Mexican nationality oscillates, and he who can best conciliate their hopes of preferment, or patronize their desire for spoils, is sure to outrun all civil competitors. For this state of things there seems to be no remedy, and even the return of Santa Anna can only prorogue the ultimate dismemberment of the Mexican Republic. The national stability which depends upon the life of one man is merely a suspense from anarchy. A rain shower, an uncared-for cold, a dinner eaten to excess, or any one of the thousand ills to which we are all subject, destroys it, and Chaos is come again.

GIRLS FOR THE WEST.

WE are informed by Mr. Vere Foster that a company of about fifty young women left this city for the West, on Tuesday last, under the auspices of the Woman's Protective Emigration Society, the destination of the greater part of them being Wilmington, a healthy and smart business place, containing 2,500 inhabitants, on the banks of the Kankakee river, in the State of Illinois, and sixty miles south of Chicago. Two parties had been previously despatched at intervals of a fortnight each, for South Bend and Laporte, Indiana, and for Joliet, Bloomington and Springfield, Illinois. The Society is now provided with sufficient funds to send to homes at its disposal in the State of Illinois, 150 more women, who can be well recommended, and who are experienced in general housework, or willing to learn. They will be directed, in the first instance, by permission, to the residences of many of the most respectable families in each place, nearly all of whom wish to hire help if they can be suited, and who, at any rate, kindly offer them a temporary home till hired with themselves or their neighbors.

This Society not only repudiates any proselytizing intentions, but, with a view to the comfort, and to meet the wishes of Catholic girls, proposes to direct them to such places only where there is a Catholic Church and a resident Priest, whose guardianship, therefore, takes the place of that of the Society.

Mr. Foster informs us that the usual wages for general housework in places which he has visited on behalf of the Society, range from about $1 50 to $2 50 a week, seldom exceeding $2. On the arrival of a considerable number of new-comers, at any place, wages must be expected to fall for a time, and perhaps on account of the continuance of "the panic," may be long before they return to their recent height; still it should be borne in mind that one dollar now will buy as much clothing as would have cost a dollar and a half six months ago. No re-payment of their passage-money will be *required* from the girls, nor will they be bound in any respect, but they will be *invited*, *if satisfied*, to contribute $10 to the funds of the Society, to enable it to help others, addressing the Secretary, National Hall, 29 Canal street, between Broadway and Elm street.

"NO LAW OF HOSPITALITY CAN APPLY TO WILD BEASTS."

THIS is the significant sentence employed by the President of the French Chamber of Deputies in his late address to the Emperor, and, taken in connection with the Emperor's own words, and the articles of the Continental journals, it may be regarded as a distinct demand on England to expel notorious European Socialists now burrowing in her soil. "No law of hospitality can apply to wild beasts" is at once an axiom and an order; and the present temper of the world precludes even the Briton from disregarding it.

Napoleon's diplomacy has heretofore carried all before it. His reign has been one continued success. Large as was the wave of popularity which seated him on a throne, it has since grown to twice its former proportions. Is it likely that—with an army superior to that of any other nation in discipline and appointments—with a navy almost equal to that which "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"—with the whole force of the Conservative sentiment of European powers in his favor—he will rest satisfied with anything less than a complete triumph over the foster-mother of conspirators in this his last effort to crush, with one blow, Socialism and its authors?

It has been plausibly urged that he assails a privilege which he was not loath to take advantage of in the reign of Louis Philippe. Nothing could be more erroneous. Louis Napoleon never plotted assassination. His expedition—granting that it was directed against an existing government—was one which appealed to and relied on the popular support as its sole hope of success. How far its author has been borne out in his anticipations let the French elections prove. While all the estates are with him—the Clergy—the Army—and the vast majority of the people, Ledru Rollin and his associates are forced to hire an actress to sing the *Marseillais* in the Provinces, "for the purpose of *popularizing* the Republic."

In calling on England to withhold her hospitality from assassins Napoleon vindicates his uncle. She pensioned the inventors and operators of the first infernal machine directed against the great Corsican, and the Nephew thinks she has already spent enough on regicides.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The *Express* and other dailies complain that one of the Board of Trustees of an up town Ward School ordered the reading of the Lord's Prayer to be discontinued. We see nothing outrageous in the act. Public Schools are intended to benefit Jews and Christians alike, and it is scarcely decorous to force children of the former to listen to, or participate in, purely Christian exercises.

"KEEP THE PEACE."—This is the heading of a judicious article in the Baltimore *Mirror* on the recent attempt of a contemporary to start a *personal* controversy with the conductor of this paper. We need not add—for our columns attest—that we deprecate quarrels of every kind, and regard personal ones, involving no opinions, and appealing to passions merely, as unworthy of ourselves, and injurious to the cause which we seek to serve.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE *Niagara* arrived at Halifax on Sunday last from Liverpool with three days later intelligence. Amongst the list of passengers we observe the name of Earl Mulgrave, Governor of Nova Scotia. The news is unimportant. Telegraphic despatches from India add nothing to those already received. The truth begins to leak out in connection with Windham's engagement with the Sepoys. After his rout, which was most decisive and complete, the scenes which presented themselves were fearful in the extreme. His loss must be tremendous for the hospitals were crowded to suffocation. Of course this desperate condition of affairs is attempted to be glossed over, and the following clumsy device is adopted: "The enemy directed their fire spirally upon them (the hospitals), and it was not until Sir Colin Campbell returned, and with a dozen haughty words brought every man to his place, that order was restored."

Is it not possible to ascertain the exact words spoken by Sir Colin on this occasion? Assuredly, words which operated with such talismanic effect on a herd of routed fugitives fresh from the battle-field, their minds filled with the terrors of defeat, would prove an invaluable accessory in allaying the Know-Nothing and Party ferments which display themselves in the United States now and again. As some of our American journalists happen to be "hand and glove" with parties high in office at the other side, they may be so fortunate as to procure an exact copy of the "dozen haughty words" uttered by Sir Colin. Do get them.

The proposed plan for the division of France into military governments has been confirmed. There appears to be no end to the number of addresses which the troops are sending in from day to day to the Emperor, congratulatory of his escape from the recent attempt on his life. The generality of those addresses are couched in strong terms; so strong, indeed, that the *Moniteur*, the government official organ, has omitted some of the passages. The Zouaves almost regretted that they had no opportunity to manifest their zeal in a striking manner; and the address of the 82d regiment contains the following sentence: "And if your Majesty wants soldiers to reach these men even in their haunts, we humbly pray you to designate the 82d regiment as part of the advance guard of the army."

A NEW SECT.—Contemporaneous with the announcement that "The Jerks" are revived in Illinois, we are informed that a new Sect has burst forth from the putrid body of sectarianism in Massachusetts. It is called Restitutionism—its followers, who are quite numerous in Worcester, Athol, New Braintree and Springfield, believing that "what man lost by the fall *is only now* beginning to be restored," and that their germ of fanaticism is yet "to bud and flourish till it cover the earth." They claim the gift of tongues, but the Worcester *Transcript* naively hints, "this appears to be useless, as the words spoken are not only unintelligible to bystanders but to those who have a like gift." The Restitutionists, of course, deny the mission and efficacy of the Saviour.

ATHEISTS IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.—Massachusetts, eccentric as she is, has just outdone herself by passing a bill allowing atheists to testify in Courts of Justice. She pastes paper crosses on the backs of Bibles, as if fearful that believers in a God would perjure themselves; but she puts implicit faith in the shallow atheist, and places more value on his word than on a Catholic's oath! Can bigotry go farther?

THE "UTICA TELEGRAPH."—We sincerely sympathize with the proprietor of the Utica *Telegraph*, whose establishment was completely destroyed by fire on the night of Tuesday, the 9th inst. As it was not insured, Mr. McQuade has lost, in a few hours, all the fruits of six years' persevering industry. The citizens of Utica are wanting in public spirit if they neglect to put him on his feet again.

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

STRANGERS visiting this city, as well as those actually resident therein, will find, in case of sickness, St. Vincent's Hospital, situated in Eleventh street, near the Seventh avenue, a most commodious and comfortable retreat. The Hospital is under the special charge of the Sisters of Charity, and it will not be rendering more than a just tribute to the merits of these good ladies to assert, that the patient who solicits their unremitting and ever watchful care will not be disappointed. Their attentions are not reserved for Catholics alone, but are bestowed indiscriminately on persons of other persuasions. Parties requiring separate rooms in the Hospital can be accommodated.

THE TROUBLE IN BELFAST.—At this distance from the scene of the recent disturbance in Belfast, during the rejoicings on the Princess Alice's wedding day, and in advance of particulars, it seems silly in the extreme to involve the people of the whole city in the disgrace of the *melee*, as the *Times* does. Whoever knows anything of Belfast knows, that Protestant partizanism has always been the fruitful source of rioting; and with the evangelical denunciations of "roaring Hanna" yet ringing in our ears, we may well conceive that his supporters were the originators of this last blot on its municipal escutcheon.

CREDITABLE.—The correspondence in the N. Y. *Observer* on Protestant intolerance in Sweden.

So-So.—The letter from Dublin in the same paper on the "Great Apostacy" to Rome.

Let the *Observer* give us more of the former sort, and as little as possible of the latter.

A Charity Sermon will be preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday, February 21, at half-past ten o'clock, for the benefit of the Ladies' Benevolent Society. The great numbers of poor unable to obtain employment this winter, have completely exhausted the funds of the Society. It, therefore, appeals to the charitable to come forward and assist it. It has already distributed this winter 506 garments, 385 pairs of shoes, and $285 25 in cash, to relieve the needy.

We find in the London *Gentleman's Diary* for this year—a mathematical publication to which the first scholars of England and Ireland contribute—the name of the Rev. Mr. Brady, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., as solver of several prize problems. Our opinion of Mr. Brady's powers in this department of the exact sciences needs no such confirmation; but it is always gratifying to see Irish talent compete with success against the most gifted.

We do not propose to instruct the Philadelphia *Press* in contemporary history, or we would give it the "other side" of the question—"Party-strife in Belgium." Let it bear it mind, however, that the French Government has fined the *Estafette* for publishing the "Song of the Belgian Electors"—that chant being considered "contrary to social order and good morals."

We are requested to state that "The ancient tribe of Hibernians" has not the approval of the ecclesiastical authority of this diocese.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

We believe there is a society similar to that noticed above in this city. Will some one of our subscribers inform us what its objects are, or send us a copy of its Constitution and Bye Laws?

Will some of our Albany friends keep us advised of the progress of Mr. Mather's Bill? It is very important to the best interests of the State that the public be kept aware of its object, and natural results if passed.

RECEIVED.—"The Black Baronet," by William Carleton, (Haverty and Donohoe;) The Holy Way of the Cross, and the Lenten Pastoral of the Archbishop of Baltimore, (Murphy & Co.)

We regret that our space will not permit us to reproduce two articles on Mormonism lately published in the *Western Star*.

THE LONDON "LANCET" ON THE N. Y. "SCALPEL."

DR. DIXON'S opinion of *us* weighs lightly against that which the London *Lancet*, the best medical journal in Europe, entertains of *him*. Here it is:

The repertory of articles in this journal is most heterogeneous. Of all the roving commissions an editor ever had, Dr. Dixon has the most latitudinarian. What would be thought of us if we wrote all the way from "popery and pig-sties" to "medical hygiene in pulmonary disease?" or what would be thought of us if we wrote about "popery" at all? Here are extraordinary dainties for the intellectual palate of New York physicians and surgeons: "Poetical Products of Yale College," "Life on Shipboard," "Banking-houses—what they are and ought to be," "Mormonism," "Hotel and Wall street Stock Swindlers."

There are a few articles on medical subjects treated in the most popular *ad captandum* style. As a medical periodical, everything about it is superficial; the sociology is absurd; it abounds in vulgar jokes, and still more vulgar invective; and the attempt at literary trifles results in vapid imitations of originals, themselves too vaporous to be read.

There must, of course, be better journals than this on the other side of the great Salt Lake—indeed, we know there are. This affair is a disgrace to the profession in the United States. In the Old World, a medical journal would be about medicine; in the New World, it appears to be about everything else besides medicine.

MISS ESMONDE.—This talented lady gives one of her pleasant and instructive "Evenings" with the Poets of Ireland and America, at the Stuyvesant Institute, on Monday evening, the 22d. The bill of the entertainment contains a choice selection of Irish and American pieces; and when we add that Miss Esmonde has few equals as a reader, a rich evening may be expected.

SITUATION WANTED.—We beg to call the attention of our Reverend subscribers, and others having charge of schools, to the advertisement, on our eighth page, of a situation wanted by a young lady. The advertiser, we are assured, is in every way well competent to fill the position desired.

LECTURE.—A lecture will be delivered in the Brooklyn Athenæum on Tuesday evening, the 23d, for the benefit of St. James' Catholic Library, on *The Poets and Poetry of Ireland*. For particulars, see advertisement.

DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.

1st. All the days in Lent, Sundays excepted, are fasting days, as also days of abstinence.

2d. The use of flesh meat is allowed, once in the day, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays in Lent; on Sundays it is allowed, without restriction as to the number of times.

3d. The use of flesh and fish at the same meal is not allowed.

4th. Lard may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent; this dispensation extends to days of abstinence, throughout the year.

5th. A collation, about one-fourth of a meal, is allowed in the evening; eggs, fish, butter or cheese, may be used at this collation.

Custom has introduced a small collation in the morning, consisting of a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate, with about one ounce of bread; this is allowed.

6th. All exempted during the season of Lent, from the general law of fasting, and who are in health, will remember that they are not exempted from the law of abstinence, but to the extent here given; they may use fish or eggs at the morning and evening meals, but never meat at these meals, during the Lenten season.

7th. The Church exempts from the obligation of fasting all who are physically unable to fast, or who might injure another by fasting.

First. Mothers nursing, or pregnant.

Second. All under the age of 21 years; those, however, of this class, who have nearly attained this age, will do well to practice some little mortification.

Third. All enfeebled by old age.

Fourth. All engaged in manual labor, or other duties of an exhausting character.

Fifth. The infirm who, in the matter of the law of abstinence, will ever be guided by their director, or physician.

8th. As nothing short of inability to fast will justify Christians in their non-observance of it, all who doubt their right of exemption from the fast, will consult on the matter their director or physician, and follow the counsel given in their case.

9th. Catholic boarding house keepers will remember that they are obligated before conscience, to present to their Catholic boarders such food as Catholics are permitted to use at those meals, and on those days, when they are bound to observe the law of abstinence.

10th. The season, within which all are obligated to make the Paschal Communion, commences with the first Sunday in Lent, and closes with Trinity Sunday. The faithful are hereby most earnestly entreated to comply, within the time specified, with this precept of the Church.

11th. Occasional evening service is customary during this season, at least one evening in each week. On these occasions I would recommend the reciting the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, to be followed by an instruction suited to the penitential season, and the Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament.

12th. As many things legitimate in other seasons might be greatly unsuited to this penitential time, the faithful are most earnestly exhorted to avoid everything opposed to the Spirit of the fast of the Lent, as also to unite with their exterior acts of mortification, a deep sorrow for sin, an ardent love of God, a habit of piety, with giving alms to the poor, and constant prayer that God in his most tender mercy may be moved to pardon and save.

Given at Providence, this 10th Feb., '58.

WILLIAM O'REILLY, Adm., of Hartford.

THE REJECTED SUITOR.

To an old Irish air—"*The Dark Maiden of the Valley.*"

Oh! my life's a weary road,
Bending 'neath a heavy load,
Not of world-goods—with sorrow I'm laden;
All the weight is on my heart,
And I weep from one to part,
Who to me is a stone-hearted maiden.

I wooed her well and long
With the eloquence of song,
Day and night, and I fear out of season,
For the people often say,
When they meet me on the way,
With pity—sure the boy has lost his reason.

Oh! the anguish and the dole
That presses on my soul;
I wander on an unsuccessful wooer;
A chilling cloud like night
Darkens e'en my fancy's flight;
My muse has got, I fear, a sorry sucr.

The maiden ever seems
Growing fairer in my dreams—
When like a mated Linnet I bring her
Sweet berries to her nest
And from my throbbing breast,
Thro' summer-day a Love-song I sing her.

But when I wake again
Comes deeper-stinging pain;
As a thirsty-desert wanderer, dying
Sees a cooling-lake appear,
But ever drawing near
Before him finds the phantom form flying.

R. P.

THE EAST.

The East, the East, the glorious East—the land of the sun for me,
Where Zephyr sips his spicy feast from flow'ret, shrub, and tree;
Where the sapphire and the diamond blaze in the deep and gloomy mine,
And the yellow topaz' golden rays with milder radiance shine;
Where the gorgeous bird of Paradise displays its glowing plumes,
And the pearl, with pure and paly light, the ocean depths illumes.

The East, the East, the fiery East, within whose jungles wide
The lion shakes his tawny mane and roams in savage pride;
Where the tiger rushes on its prey with wild, ferocious glare;
Where the steed, untamed, scours swift along, and snuffs the torrid air;
Where the patient camel tracks his way across the springless plain,
And the wandering Arab's heritage is the desert's broad domain.

The East, the East, the fragrant East, where each delicious grove
Exhales the sweet and spicy breath of cinnamon and clove;
Where the glowing cactus freshly buds, to greet the morning sun,
And falls, with withered leaf, to earth ere evening's shades grow dun;
Where the aloe bursts, with mighty sound, far in the desert lone,
And tells the passing centuries before the Eternal's throne.

The East, the East, where Faith arose, to light the human mind,
And still its type, the blessed sun, shines on for all mankind;
Where, hush'd on Mary's virgin breast, soft slept an infant God;—
Whose sacred soil, through years of wo, the Saviour's feet have trod;
He who, for man's eternal weal, death, torture, insult bore—
Go turn thee to the hallowed East, and that great God adore.

B.

DIED.

On the 28th ult., of a lingering consumption, at his residence, No. 165 First Avenue, New York, CHARLES, son of the late Charles M'Loughlin of Coradoocy, Raphoe, and recently of Woodend, Strabane, aged 41 years. Deceased leaves a wife and child and a large circle of friends to mourn his death. *Requiescat in pace.*

At Saratoga, N. Y., on the 12th inst., WILLIAM M'PARTLAND, in the 30th year of his age. Mr. M'Partland was born in the parish of Templeport, county Cavan, and during his residence in this State won the esteem of a large circle of friends. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

In New Haven, Conn., on the 30th ult., suddenly, in the 25th year of her age, DELIA MARIA, wife of Thomas F. Hamilton, formerly of Clonlony, Miltown Malbay, county Clare, Ireland. Deceased was most amiable in all the relations of life, and by the urbanity and kindliness of her manners endeared herself to all those with whom she was acquainted. Her loss is deeply felt and keenly deplored by her sorrowing family and friends.

☞ Limerick and Clare papers please copy.

PLAGIARISM.

Plagiarism is a subject which has seldom engaged the attention of the literary historian. In this, as in other fields of investigation, the Germans have labored with success; but it is chiefly to the French, so remarkable for method and lucidity in their treatment of literary questions, that we are indebted for the information we possess on this subject. Their contributions on "Plagiarism" are not only the most recent, but the most valuable; while the writings of Nodier and Querard contain some of the most startling revelations that have yet been given to the world. For instance, Montaigne is shown to have borrowed much from Seneca and Plutarch; and what he has copied without acknowledgment from them, Charron and Corneille have adopted in the same unscrupulous manner from him. Thus, too, Rabelais' eccentricities are proved to have furnished many a lively scene to Racine and Moliere, and many an ingenious fable to La Fontaine; while Pascal, who is generally reckoned one of the most original thinkers of the seventeenth century, is described as surpassing all others by his daring feats of plagiarism. In a single chapter of his "Pensees," Nodier has pointed out seven or eight instances of this species of theft; and for further examples, he invites the curious reader to a comparison of the "Pensees" with the "Essays" of Montaigne.

The Chevalier Ramsay, author of "Les Voyages de Cyrus," is cited as another notable plagiarist. "His master, Fenelon," says Voltaire, "had published the Travels of Telemachus; and Ramsay could do no less than follow his example. He does not stop, however, at a cold imitation, but literally copies the language both of Fenelon and Bossuet. When the chevalier was taken to task for this, his reply was: "Qu'on pouvait se rencontrer; qu'il n'etait pas etonnant qu'il pensat comme Fenelon, et qu'il s'exprimat comme Bossuet."

If Voltaire's forwardness in exposing the plagiarism of others was intended to remove from himself all suspicion of similar practices, it failed of success. Nodier, in his valuable work, "Questions de Litterature Legale," quotes several instances of plagiarism in Voltaire, and especially in his romance of "Zadig." Freron, too, in the "Annee Litteraire," 1767, describes a whole chapter in this romance as copied from "Les Voyages et Aventures de trois Princes de Sarrendip," a work translated from the Italian, and published at Paris in 1719; and the same writer has shown that Voltaire's "Episode de l'Ermite" is adopted from Parnel's poem of "The Hermit."

J. J. Rousseau, Voltaire's great contemporary and rival, presents a parallel case. He reproaches Mably with having borrowed, without acknowledgment, his philosophical systems; and the Benedictine, Don Joseph Cajot, brings a charge of plagiarism against Rousseau's "Emile." Nor is this all: the Abbe du Laurens, known as the author of "Compere Mathieu," in a work published in 1788, asserts that Rousseau copied his "Contrat Social," word for word, from Ulric Huber's Latin work, "De Jure Civitatis Libri III." "We shall be told," adds Du Laurens, "that M. Rousseau, like a second Prometheus, stole the sacred fire from heaven: our answer is, that he stole his fire, not from heaven, but from a library.

Among the plagiarists of less note (cited by Querard) may be named M. Langles, the orientalist, stealing his "Voyage d'Abdoul Rizzac" from Galland's "Arabian Nights;" M. Lefebre de Villebrune, in his translation of Athenæus, copying six thousand two hundred notes from Casaubon's critical works; De Saint-Ange, in his translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," borrowing about fifteen hundred verses from Thomas Corneille, and a still greater number from Malfillatre; Jacques Delille, in his translation of Virgil, his poem of "L'Imagination," and other works, appropriating a great number of lines from other poets; Malte-Brun, in his famous work on Geography, literally adopting the remarks of Gosselin, Lacroix, Walckenaer, Pinkerton, Puissant, &c.; Aignan, in his translation of the "Iliad," borrowing twelve hundred verses from a previous translation by Rochefort; Castil Blaze transferring to his "Dictionary of Modern Music" three hundred and forty notices from Rousseau's work on the same subject, and, all the while, abusing the latter for his ignorance of the principles of the art; Henri Beyle, under the assumed name of Bombet, publishing his well-known "Letters" on Haydn and Italian Music, and leaving the public unacquainted with the fact that he had merely translated them from the Italian of Joseph Carpani; and lastly, the Count de Courchamps palming on the world, as the "Memoires inedits de Cagliostro," a series of tales which turned out, after all, to be but a literal transcript of a romance published some twenty years before, by John Potocki, a Polish count.

These notices of plagiarism bring us down to our own times, and to the most audacious plagiarist of any time or country, M. Alexandre Dumas, Marquis de la Pailleterie. Until recent years, plagiarism was reckoned a discreditable practice, and every means was resorted to, in order to disguise or palliate the offence. Some writers, on finding that their good things had been anticipated, were content to say with Terence: "Nullum est jam dictum quod non sit dictum prius;" or, as Labruyere has it, "Tout est dit." Others may have exclaimed with Donatus: "Pereant illi qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt!" Others, like the Chevalier de Cailly, may have taken a philosophical view of the matter, and in a happy vein of badinage, laughed at the pretensions of those who went before them—

"Dis je quelque chose d'assez belle?
D'Antiquite, toute en cervelle,
Pretend l'avoir dit avant moi:
C'est une plaisante donzelle!
Que ne venait-elle apres moi;
J'aurais dit la chose avant elle."

Others, again, like Richesource, may have instituted schools of plagiarism, in which the "art" was cultivated in all its details. Indeed, the very title of the work, published by this "Professor of Plagiarism," shows that concealment was a principal feature of the new science. "Le Masque des Orateurs, ou la Maniere de deguiser toutes sortes de Compositions, Lettres, Sermons, Panegyriques, Oraisons funebres, Dedicaces, Discours, &c.," which made its appearance in 1667, inculcated, above all things, the necessity of concealing the literary theft; and this was to be done in so adroit a manner that the plundered author should find it impossible to recognize his own work, or even his own style.

But it was reserved for the nineteenth century, and for Alexandre Dumas, not only to practice this infamous "art," but to claim a place for it among the rights and prerogatives of genius. His words deserve to be quoted:

"The man of genius does not steal; he conquers; and what he conquers, he annexes to his empire. He makes laws for it, peoples it with his subjects, and extends his golden sceptre over it. And where is the man who, on surveying his beautiful kingdom, shall dare to assert that this or that piece of land is no part of his property?"

M. Dumas descants in the same magniloquent strain upon Napoleon's conquests, wishing it to be understood that he is himself—

"The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme."

At all events, he finds consolation in the thought, that Shakspeare and Moliere were subjected to similar charges of plagiarism, and that their detractors are now forgotten. He seems not to know, however, that there is a vast difference between him and those great men, whom he would offer to the world as his prototypes. They, indeed, were men of genius, while he is little better than "un habile arrangeur, de la pensee d'autrui."

It would be tedious to detail the numerous plagiarisms that have been detected in the writings of this author. The curious reader will find them amply and amusingly described in Querard's "Supercheries Litteraires." Suffice it to say that he has made a trade of literature, and contributed more than any other writer, ancient or modern, to degrade that ennobling pursuit to the level of the vilest day-drudgery.

Gray's most remarkable poem, the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," is said to have been picked out, thought by thought, if not word by word, from other poets. The very first line—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

has been adopted from the following passage in Dante's "Purgatory:"

"Se ode squilla di lontano
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore."

Giannini has translated the Elegy into Italian; and it is worthy of notice that his version of the first line coincides with Dante's words:

"Piange la squilla 'l giorno, che si muore."

The principal thought in Dante, the "giorno che si muore," is further traceable to Statius's

"Jam moriente die."

One of the finest stanzas in the Elegy is but a free translation of the Latin couplet:

"Plurima gemma latet cæca tellure sepulta;
Plurima neglecto fragrat odore rosa."

Gray's lines are:

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Bishop Hall has a parallel to the first two lines:

"There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor ever will be."

The last line occurs in the same words in Churchill:

"Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air."

And also in Lloyd:

"Which else had wasted in the desert air."

Another borrowed stanza in the Elegy is the following:

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

This is adopted from Lucretius:

"At jam non domus accipiet te læta; neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent."

Gray's appropriations are not confined to the Elegy. In his "Ode to Vicissitude," he has the following:

"The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sober tints of woe;
And, blended, form with artful strife
The strength and harmony of life."

The last two lines are taken from Pope's "Essay on Man:"

"The lights and shades whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and color of our life."

Then we have the couplet in the "Fatal Sisters:"

"Iron sleet, of arrowy shower,
Hurtles in the darken'd air."

Which is adopted from this passage in "Paradise Regained:"

"How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy shower."

Next comes the line in "The Bard:"

"Give ample room and verge enough."

Which is taken from a passage in Dryden's "Don Sebastian:"

"Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me!
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more."

In the same poem we have the comparison of the "streaming meteor;" but whether borrowed from Cowley or from Milton, seems uncertain. Cowley, speaking of the Angel Gabriel, says:

"An harmless flaming meteor shone for haire,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care."

And Milton, in "Paradise Lost:"

"Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind."

Gray has it:

"With haggard eyes the poet stood;
Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air."

Campbell, in his "Pleasures of Hope," has also borrowed this simile:

"Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd."

Another appropriation in Gray is the well-known apothegm at the close of the following lines, in his "Ode on a Prospect of Eton College:"

"Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
* * * * * *
* * * * where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

Davenant has the same idea in the lines:

"Then ask not bodies doom'd to die
To what abode they go;
Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
'Tis better not to know."

But it is still more obviously assignable to Prior:

"Seeing aright we see our woes,
Then what avails us to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise."

The true source, after all, of this thought, as indeed of all human wisdom, must be traced to a higher authority than any poet, ancient or modern. Ecclesiastes, i. 18, expresses it in fewer words than any author that has been quoted:

"He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

To Milton, Gray is indebted for another of his beautiful images. The former, speaking of the Deity, says:

"Dark with excessive light thy skirts appear."

And Gray, with true poetic feeling, has applied this image to Milton himself, in those forceful lines in the "Progress of Poesy," in which he alludes to the poet's blindness:

"The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

Shelley has imitated this in the following lines in "Julian and Maddalo:"

"The sense that he was greater than his kind
Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind,
By gazing on its own exceeding light."

There is a passage in Longinus which appears to have furnished Milton with the germ of this thought. The Greek rhetorician is commenting on the use of figurative language, and after illustrating his views by a quotation from Demosthenes, he adds:

"In what has the orator here concealed the figure? plainly, in its own lustre."

In this passage Longinus elucidates one figure by another; a not unfrequent practice with that elegant writer.

Lastly, we have the quatrain in Gray's "Ode to Adversity:"

"Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best."

For the third line of which he is indebted to this passage in "Paradise Lost:"

"When the scourge
Inexorably and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance."

If any work more than another might be expected to furnish information on the subject of "plagiarism," it is D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." Yet, although the subject is there introduced under the head of "Richesource and his Professorship," not a single example is adduced of so remarkable a "Curiosity." This is not a little surprising in a writer who appears to have bestowed so much industry and patience on his other researches. True, we find farther on some twenty-five pages of "Imitations," and "Similarities;" but one-half of these have no better claim to that distinction than the trivial coincidence of a single word or epithet; a claim which, if strictly enforced, would exhibit all the poetry in our language as made of similarities. There are, however, three of the "Imitations" which deserve to be quoted.

The first occurs in Pope's "Prologue to the Satires," where, speaking of Dr. Arbuthnot, he says:

"Friend of my life (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.")

The thought in the second line being adopted from this couplet in Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel:"

"David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song."

The second imitation refers to a couplet in Young:

"Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of the age."

Which is taken from the following in Oldham's "Satire against Poetry:"

"On Butler who can think without just rage?
The glory and the scandal of the age."

The third imitation noticed by D'Israeli, occurs in a couplet in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village:"

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made."

The second line of which he traces to a passage in De Caux, who, comparing the world to his hour-glass, says:

"C'est un verre qui luit,
Qu'un souffle peut detruire, et qu'un souffle a produit."

We shall continue the subject in future numbers.

THE FOUNDING OF CLAIRVAUX.

There lie in the depth of yon forest dim
A valley and streamlet alone;
The forest rings with the wolf-howl grim,
The valley with morning and evening hymn,
And that water's gentle tone.

It had threaded for ages the shadows vast
Which the ancient forest-kings,
Oak and pine and sycamore, cast,
Swinging their solemn plumes in the blast
Over its murmurings.

'Twas still such scenes as in days of old
Would Druid priestess seek,
When the long wind rolled and the thunder tolled,
And there her arm to the storm uphold,
And with the spirits speak.

Then a youth there came with heart of flame,
And a smile like his sainted mother's;
And two and two the wild wood through—
Though nor he nor they that desert knew—
Stepped in his step twelve others.

Slowly he climbed by the brawling bed
Of the sunless rivulet;
Weary and worn his troop he led
Through briar and branch and brown leaves dead,
And the mossy hollows wet.

The pale mild face now bends to earth,
Now looks up to rock and tree;
Fashioned for camps or for courtly mirth,
Brow, lip, and eye show noble birth,
And nobler humility.

Awful as night grew the hollow vale,
Huger each mighty stem;
The hearts of the twelve began to fail,
And though hid in the shade, their lips were pale
When he turned and looked at them.

"Behold our home and our resting-place;
Here let us fast and pray;
Here run our race and by God's sweet grace
The path of the soul up to glory trace,
And live for the Judgment Day.

"Where the close air dies shall free souls quaff
Paradise airs, new shriven;
Where in darkness this staff I plant shall laugh
O'er earthly remorse's cenotaph
The fresh rose-dawn of Heaven.

"Where dwelleth the fox and the keen wolf gaunt,
And the owl through shadow winging,
Angels shall haunt, and the pure choir chaunt,
And childhood guide the frail food of want,
And Christmas-bells be ringing.

"Bend we our knees 'mong the solemn trees,
Glory to God proclaim;
Jesus decrees, and Mary sees,
And saints shall bless through eternities
The place and its mystic name."

Strange—do men know this desolate dell?—
Each bodes a name whose sound
Of sorrow doth tell, and suiting well
The dark rock's tears, the sad wind's knell,
And the loneliness around.

But the rapt youth smiles on the scenes of doom,
On the old wood's solemn pall,
And signs with cross those aisles of gloom,
And cries, "Henceforth this forest-tomb
The VALLEY OF BRIGHTNESS call!"

Saints' words come true: bright, bright it grew;
They warred on the pine and oak:
The fresh flowers blew in the sunlit dew,
And the wide green pastures came in view
To the sound of the axe's stroke.

In brightness and power came each morn the shower
Of the seven-hued prism of love;
From the womb of that hour grew cloister and tower,
Like the summer home, like the brooding bower
Of the infinite-hearted Dove.

Bright o'er it each night fell the sweet blush-white
Of purity's blossom snow;
It was God's delight, and joy to men's sight;
And the names still breathe of love and of light,
BERNARD and CLAIRVAUX! OMEGA.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse,
To her whisper;
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's a-writ with one,
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sun-burnt fisher, gaily woes.
Tall and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May day skies are all a-glow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mong the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders;
For the wild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose.
Whispering, hoarsely, "Fisherman,
Have you, have you, heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the rugged shore she views.
Twenty seasons;
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea,
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

—*Home Journal.*

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

DEATH OF MURKERTACH, THE ROYDAMNA, A. D. 943.

The wild winds of blustering March were sweeping over the dry hard earth on the plain of Ardee, then dull and monotonous in its character, as it is to-day, and the usually placid waters of the river Dee were agitated by the boisterous breeze, when a strong force of the Danes from Dublin, under the command of Blacaire, son of Godfrey their King, encountered a party of the brave men of Ulster, headed by their heroic Prince of Ailcach. The Irish were much the weakest in point of numbers, but Murkertach encouraged them to stand their ground as men, and meet the furious charge of the foreigners as became their high renown.

"Shall it be told," said the Prince, "in after times, that Murkertach and the men of Ulladh fled from the face of the Black Stranger? No, by my father's shield it shall not. Though we die every man, it will be for God and our own land, and our reward shall be great in heaven. Forward, men of Ulladh! fear not yonder black line, even now moving on us—we have often beat them before, and with God's help we may beat them now."

He spoke in a confident tone, but there was an unwonted tremor in his voice, and his face was paler than usual. A weight seemed to press upon his heart, and words of fatal import were ringing in his ear—

"The doom predestined men forbode"

lay like ice on his gallant heart, and he said within himself: "it may be that my hour is come. But what of that? All men have once to die!—God and St. Columb keep my soul if it is to go hence this day."

Wrapping the skirt of his leather cloak several times around his right arm, and raising his shield aloft on the other, the brave Prince advanced to meet the foe, followed closely by his faithful vassals. Seeing him thus in advance of his men, the Danish leader spurred on with uplifted axe to meet him, crying out for no man to interfere between them. "Leave him to me," said the fierce Blacaire, "the curse of Odin is upon him, and he shall fall this day, I swear by the ghost of Rodnor.* Work your will on the others, O, valiant sons of Odin!—they are but a handfull, and will fly before your axes like chaff before the wind."

The warriors on both sides waited but to see their respective leaders engaged, when they rushed to the combat, and fought hand to hand, the Irish forgetting the inferiority of their numbers in the wild excitement of the charge, and their javelins told with fearful effect on the dark-robed warriors of Ath-Cliath. Then did the Danish battle-axes flash in the pale, watery sunbeam, and whirling round the heads of their respective owners fell with crushing weight on the heads and arms of the Ulstermen, felling to the ground many a brave soldier who had helped Murkertach to win his laurels in many a fierce encounter with the Danes. So hot was the contest that the leaders on both sides were for a while forgotten, notwithstanding that they, too, were engaged in deadly combat. No sound escaped either the Dane or the Roydamna, for each felt that he had met his match, and they fought with the silent, dogged resolution of men who were determined to conquer or die. Now it was the gigantic Dane who, with a stunning and well-aimed blow, made his gallant adversary reel in his seat, and anon it was the Roydamna who made a successful thrust with his spear, or with his light axe inflicted a telling blow on the Dane; all around was forgotten and the two princes fought as though they were alone on the bleak moor and the fate of Ireland depending on their strokes. But after a while all other feelings and motives were swallowed up in the desperate struggle for life or death; then it was that Murkertach, beginning to feel faint, made a dart with his lance at his enemy's head, but in his eagerness, leaning forward too far, he lost his balance and fell over his horse's head. Blacaire instantly sprang to the ground, and, before Murkertach could gain his feet, he clove his skull with a crashing blow, and the heroic prince lay a bleeding corse on Irish ground. The savage conqueror was about to repeat his blow in order to wreak his vengeance on the dead body of him who had so often humbled the fiercest champions of his race, when his arm was suddenly arrested from behind, and he himself was felled to the ground by the well-aimed blow of a ponderous axe.

The death of Murkertach now became known, and a wild shout of anguish rent the air as the ominous word flew from man to man. "Revenge!" was the cry that speedily followed, and the little band of Irish, gathering all their energy and goaded to madness by the loss of their beloved prince, made such an attack on the Northmen that the latter, strong as they were, could hardly maintain their ground, and were forced to retire, bearing with them, however, the body of their fallen chief who had not yet recovered from his stupor. Some of the Irish were for pursuing them at all hazards, but the wiser amongst them overruled this rash purpose, saying that they had a mournful duty to perform, and that was to bear back the corpse of Murkertach to the desolate halls of Ailcach. "We are not strong enough," they said, "to cut off the pagans even if we overtook them, and now that we have got the better of them let things be as they are, for fear of worse coming on us. Cursed be the arm that laid low the son of Nial!—may it wither from this day forth, for an evil deed has it wrought on the land of Ulladh, and on the holy Saints of God!"

Then the wail rose long and loud as the bleeding body of the great Roydamna was lifted from the ground, and placed on a temporary bier made of the branches of trees. And all along the route northwards, as the clansmen bore back the corpse of their heroic prince, the people of every locality came forth to meet the sad procession, and raise the *caoine* in sorrowful praise of the dead. And well might chiefs and people unite in lamenting their loss, for it was long before another such leader arose to marshal the armies of Ireland or keep her oppressors in awe.

It is a notable fact that on the very day after Murkertach's death Blacaire led his forces into the very heart of Ulster, and attacking the primatial city of Armagh, robbed the churches and religious houses and murdered many of the inhabitants. Had Murkertach lived this had not been, but he once gone, the foreigners felt their power: there was no longer any barrier formidable enough to oppose their progress. Well might a native bard of that day sing:

"Vengeance and destruction have descended upon the race of the Clan Conn for ever,
As Murkertach does not live; alas! the country of the Gael will be always an orphan."

—In our next, St. Bride of Kildare; St. Bridget and St. Nennius.

* Rodnor Lodbog was one of the earliest, fiercest, and most famous of all the northern pirate-chiefs. His exploits were the theme of countless songs and fables, and by the pagan hordes who so successfully followed in his bloody traces, he was looked on as a sort of demi-god.

ARRIVAL OF THE INDIAN AT PORTLAND.

By the arrival of the steamship *Indian*, with dates to the 27th of January, we are put in possession of four days later intelligence from Europe. According to previous announcement Prince Frederick William of Prussia was married to Queen Victoria's eldest daughter in the chapel attached to St. James's Palace on the 25th. We shall not waste time in commenting on the dresses worn by the ladies on this occasion, the bridal costume, the bridal bonnet, the crinoline, or the size of the royal wedding-cake, or how, at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, the bride flung herself on the bosom of her mother, owing to which exquisite and well-timed piece of acting, ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs were suddenly brought into requisition, but content ourselves with leaving the recital of such momentous details to the admirers of royalty, who, no doubt, will devote to them all the attention they demand. Some illumination took place in London in connection with the affair, which was all very well, but in Belfast a number of flunkies and government office-holders, conceived the idea of letting off a number of fire-works, in commemoration of the marriage. The citizens who saw no just reasons for such an outrageous display, assembled in great numbers in one of the principal streets, with a view of putting an end to such insane proceedings. A row was the result. The military and the police interfered, stones and missiles of every description were freely brought into requisition, and the town did not resume its wonted calm until midnight.

The barbarities now and for some time past carried on in the neighboring county of Donegal, where thousands of peaceable and hard-working people are being driven from their homes, like wild beasts from out their lairs, have no doubt operated very conclusively in bringing about this Belfast demonstration. While the streets of that and the adjacent towns are filled with fugitives from the Highlands of Donegal, the people, no doubt, regarded the spectacle of fire-works at such a time as a hideous mockery, an arraying of a corpse in bridal costume, an insult offered to themselves and to those hapless, homeless fugitives. We cannot say we regret this outburst of popular indignation. Transpiring as it has in Belfast, it is to us conclusive evidence that the country is alive to the enormity of its present degradation, and that all the boisterous declamations we have been recently pestered with, to the effect that the nation was West Britonized, believed in the necessity of British extention in India, &c., is mere empty swagger. The poor, plundered Queen of Oude, died in Paris, on the 24th ult., the day previous to the London marriage, thus furnishing the two extremes—a death-bed and a bridal party. No doubt the unfortunate woman has been tortured, in fact, done to death by the crowds of unscrupulous vampires who have fed themselves into corpulency on the remains of the once splendid patrimony of the Oudean Monarchy.

From France we learn that congratulatory addresses are hourly sent in to the Emperor. One from the army was particularly enthusiastic. It runs in this wise: "Even had the odious attempt succeeded, it would not have overthrown the Empire. We should have cried: 'The Emperor Napoleon is dead. Long live the Emperor Napoleon the Fourth.' Strong in the constitution and laws, we should at once have proclaimed the Prince Imperial. Henceforth the Napoleons must reign over France. It is our prayer, and it will be that of our children." It is in contemplation to divide the entire country into four grand military departments, with a view to the better governing of France under the Napoleon dynasty. The Captain of the American vessel *Adriatic* has been arrested and taken back to Marseilles where he was put in irons.

From India the intelligence looks gloomy, as far as the British are concerned. Sir James Outram was in momentary expectation of being attacked in his position at Alumbagh. At Kotah the people had dethroned their Rajah. The luckless Rajah happened to be in favor of the British; his people are not, hence the cause of his dethronement. Sir Colin Campbell was engaged in running about the country, but doing nothing.

THE BEAUTIES OF LOUGHINE, CARBERRY, COUNTY OF CORK.

The beauties of Loughine have been so frequently sung by bards and minstrels that we should not again visit it, only attracted by the remnant of antiquity which it possesses. The Castle, which stands on the eastern end of the island, which is situated in this fine salt water lake, was built by the O'Driscolls.

The last possessor being nicknamed Lavour O'Lynch, he always wore a turban, and was shaved only once in the year. His retainers were selected one after another for this duty; but he that performed the operation was never seen again. At last, the duty devolved upon the only son of a widow, and she knowing the fate that awaited her son, by tears and entreaties, prevailed on O'Lynch to spare her son's life, which he promised to do, binding him (the son) to the strictest secrecy. He performed the duty, and the retainers were astonished to see him next day, but the secret being heavy on him, he lost his peace of mind. On the peninsula of Gloumfire, nearly opposite the Castle, stands the ruin of a chapel, known as the *toumpalear*, or the little temple. There is nothing remarkable about it, save its sweet situation and a few tombstones, as it was formerly encompassed by a cemetery. A holy hermit inhabited this place, and to him the young man went for advice, he desired him to go into the wood of *Coomacouna*, and tell the secret to a tree, which happened to be a fine straight ash. A bard wanting a harp selected this tree for the purpose, but when the harp was finished, the only tune he could play on it was, *Thaugh dho cloushe copal O Lavour O'Lynch*, which translated is, "Lavour O'Lynch has two horses ears." So the spell was broken, and no more of the unfortunate retainers were the victims of his secrecy. To this day the tune is preserved in this locality, and if you meet a rosy milk-maid, balancing a pail of milk on her head, she is humming the tune, or if a rustic beau at the Loughine Regatta hands out his fair belle to the dance, that is the tune she selects, and for which he pays the piper. There is nothing remarkable in the portion of the Castle standing at present, one quoin and two side walls only remaining, and are fast smouldering to decay; should it be allowed to tumble, it will deprive Loughine of one of its most marked features. The eastern end of the island is separated from the main by a strait, in which are two rocks dividing the space into nearly three equal parts, and look like the abutments of a bridge. Lord Carberry, Sir Henry W. Beecher, Bart., and Robert Atkins, Esq., are the proprietors of the soil round the lake. A little care, some energy, and a moderate outlay, judiciously applied would render this sweet spot the miniature rival of Killarney. Ascending the steep road to Baltimore, we come to the Castle of Ardagh, built by the O'Driscolls, situated on a conical hill, which forms one of the tails of Coomacouna, but commanding all the country to Baltimore. There is one quoin and two side walls standing, and its principal attraction is the view which it commands, which might be equalled, but cannot be surpassed. Before you, in a direct line, stands Cape Clear, rising like a stupendous monster from the ocean, and Carberry's hundred isles, which the immortal Davis rendered famous in song. The coast to the Mizen-head with its many indentions, &c.; and, on the headlands, stand the Milesian Castle, like the Moorish watch towers on the coast of Spain, Mount Gabriel's lofty summit towering over, and looking down contemptuously on the adjoining hills, like a tyrant on his serfs. The telegraphic towers along the coast, of recent date, the village of Baltimore and the estuary of the Ilen, form as fine a subject as imaginable for a panorama. The O'Driscolls, who were the founders of those castles, were once a powerful race in this locality, but are now all but extinct.—*Cork Herald.*

ANECDOTE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

After the battle of Ballynahinch, in the year 1798, the British never gave quarter, which accounts for the circumstance that few or no prisoners were made. Amongst those who perished on this occasion was a young and interesting female. Many were the romantic occurrences of a similar nature at this unfortunate period, but none perhaps more deserving of our sympathy than the interesting subject of the present incident. The men of Ards were distinguished for their courage and discipline, and their division bore a full share in the disasters of the day. In this division were two young men remarkable for their early attachment and continued friendship. They were amongst the first to take up arms, and from that moment had never been separated. They fought side by side, cheering, defending, and encouraging each other, as if the success of the field solely depended on their exertions. Monroe had assigned on the 12th a separate command to each, but they entreated to be permitted to conquer or perish together. One had an only sister; she was the pride of a widowed mother, the loved and admired of their village, where to this hour the perfection of female beauty is described as it approximates in resemblance to the fair Elizabeth Grey. She had seen her brother and his friend march to the field: she had bidden one adieu with the fond affection of a sister, but a feeling more tender watched for the safety of the other. Every hour's absence rendered separation more painful; every moment created additional suspense. She resolved to follow her brother—her lover—to the field. The fatal morn of the 13th had not yet dawned when she reached Ednevady heights. The troops of the Union were in motion. She joined the embattled ranks. The enthusiasm of love supported her through the perils of the fight; but borne down in the retreat, she fell in the indiscriminate slaughter, while her brother and her lover perished by her side. The town of Ballynahinch was pillaged and fired. So intent were the British troops on plunder, that many fugitives escaped the slaughter to which they must otherwise have fallen victims. Subsequent court-martials, however, afforded an ample scope for the indulgence of the sanguinary passions. The brave Monroe was one of their first victims. Two days after the battle his place of concealment was discovered; his person was soon identified; nothing further was wanting. He knew the fate that awaited him. With a quick but a firm step and undaunted composure he ascended the scaffold, evidently more desirous to meet death than to avoid it. He was executed in the 31st year of his age, at the front of his own house, where his wife, his mother, and sister, resided. His head was severed from his body, and exhibited upon the market-house on a pike, so situated as to be the first and last object daily before the eyes of his desolate family.

A Father in Prison through the Crimes of his Son.—A few years since, a number of forged notes, to the amount of several thousand dollars, bearing the signature of Col. Thomas Learned of Watertown, were presented, along with others which were genuine, to that gentleman for payment. The genuine paper had been given in favor of his son, by whom it was alleged the forgeries were committed. The old gentleman was satisfied of the spurious character of most of the paper, but was not able to distinguish between the true and false, and rather than have his son suffer punishment, he took up the notes as they matured, for which purpose he was obliged to sell his goods, and mortgage his estate. In this way he has been reduced from a position of comparative ease to poverty, and to-day, at the age of 73 years, he finds himself incarcerated in prison, at the instance of one of his creditors.—*Boston Journal.*

Marriage of Ex-President Fillmore.—Ex-President Fillmore was married in Albany on Thursday, the 11th inst., to Mrs. Caroline C. McIntosh of that city.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Marriage.—Influx of Petty German Princes and Mock Kings.—The Ceremonial.—The Rods and Sticks.—Poetry for the Occasion.—Nothing new from India.—The Chaplains.—Meeting to consider the abolition of the E. I. C.—Victoria Crosses.—Lieut. Havelock.—The Widow.—China.—Te Deum for the Escape of the French Emperor.—Divorce or Lesser. tion.—Death of the Duke of Devonshire.—Of Sir W. Maule.—Medals of the Humane Society for Irishmen. —Pension.—Irish and Catholic Items.

LONDON, Jan. 22d, 1858.

We are inundated with princes big and little, petty sovereigns and mock sovereigns. Germany has vomited forth its small fry of Coburgs and Gothas to prey on the wedding dinner of the Princess Royal. Great preparations are being made for the due celebration of the nuptials. The order of the ceremony has been issued. On the eventful day the bridal party will proceed to the Chapel Royal in three different processions: That of the Queen, that of the Bridegroom and that of the Bride. The Princess' train is to be borne by six accomplished spinsters all descended from royal houses—a fact of which John Bull is intensely proud. The bride will be supported by her royal father and His automaton Majesty the King of the Belgians; the bridegroom by his princely father and the Grand Duke of Baden. Each procession is to be headed by drums and trumpets; the Black Rod, the Gold Stick and the Silver Stick will be out in all their glory on the occasion. After the ceremony, the newly married couple will proceed to Windsor Castle. The whole week will be past in balls, banquets and receiving congratulations, and then the "happy pair" will leave Gravesend for the Continent. The dressing case to be presented to the Princess by the Queen and Prince Consort is said to be worth one thousand pounds. The souvenir to be presented to the bridesmaids is to be a locket of gold, bearing the Princess' cypher in diamonds. An immense quantity of the most deplorable epithalamiums are being daily published so that the Laureat's must be very bad if it be worse than they. Nothing is wanting to crown this union but that pure and holy love which neither gold nor diamonds can buy.

An anecdotical memoir of the young Prince has just been published by a lady. It contains nothing of interest.

The late mail has brought no further intelligence from India. Nothing is known about the exact state of things in Oude. My last summary was correct in every instance and is still the exact picture of the situation, so that recapitulation is useless. His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman has received a letter from one of the army chaplains who went out to India stating that all the chaplains had arrived safely and in good health. A meeting was lately held to consider the proposed abolition of the East India Company. The chairman, who was formerly Mayor of Gateshead, expressed his conviction that the country is in danger of destruction in consequence of the delusions that prevail in the English mind. The Indian crisis was the result "of the violation of the laws of God and man." There was no difficulty in tracing the disasters to a long course of injustice. Though not the apologist of the East India Company he looked upon the Government scheme as the most infamous ever framed. The Company had held India for a century and a half and the English people *had never been taxed one farthing for the support of that country.* (Truly has it been said that John Bull's feelings are in his pocket.) If the company were abolished, the abolition of the Board of Control would only be a sham, and would be immediately revived under another name. If the Hindoos were persuaded that the English were determined to proselytize them, *there was no hope of retaining India.* Mr. M. Lewin moved that the India Directors by submitting to the coercion of the Government, have brought upon India and England the present disasters, and that the Directors should assert their independence. An amendment was moved by an Indian ex-journalist that it was desirable to obtain a responsible government instead of the double one, and remarked that the Company had accepted the plunder arising from the annexations of the Board of Control and thus become its accomplices. Ernest Jones seconded the amendment, and strongly denounced the treatment of the royal family of Oude by the Company. John Frost, of Chartist notoriety, was received with groans for having said that by taking the power from the Company and giving it to Government, they would give it to much worse men. A general uproar followed, and the amendment was carried unanimously.

The Victoria Cross is to be bestowed on Lieutenants Havelock, and Crowe and privates Hancock and Purcell. Lieutenant Havelock is to have the baronetcy intended for his father and it is to descend to his "heirs male." The deceased General's widow is to bear the "style, title and dignity" of Lady Havelock. By the way a vast quantity of most lamentable poetry, worse, if possible, than that manufactured on so large a scale for the Princess Royal, is being published on Havelock. Nothing can be more blank than those verses.

From China we hear that the French Admiral had blockaded Canton. The citizens of the Central Flowery Kingdom were allowed ten days to make up their Celestial minds.

An Address of Congratulation to Napoleon III., on his late miraculous escape from the infamous attempt upon his life, was presented to M. de Persigny, the French Ambassador here by the Lord Mayor in the name of the Court of Aldermen. *A Te Deum* was sung on Sunday in the French Chapel of the Visitation in King street, Portman Square, in thanksgiving for the Emperor's escape. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop, preached an eloquent sermon in the French language. M. de Persigny was present with the leading French families residing here.

Whatever may be our views as Catholics with regard to the Divorce Bill, it seems to be well adapted to the state of society in this great head-quarters of Protestantism. In three parishes rewards have been offered for no less than seventy persons who have deserted their partners and their families.

The Duke of Devonshire died suddenly on Sunday night at his seat in Derbyshire. His Grace's cousin, the Earl of Burlington, succeeds to the title. The Duke was a great lover of the Fine Arts and had one of the finest private collections of the paintings and sketches of the great masters. His Grace had extensive estates in Ireland, and to him belonged the Castle of Lismore on the banks of the Irish Rhine—the Blackwater.

Sir W. H. Maule died last week of bronchitis, in the 73d year of his age. He represented the town of Carlow in Parliament some twenty years ago.

Two Irishmen have received silver medals from the Humane Society: Mr. J. H. Hunt, a medical student of Dublin for rescuing a boy of fourteen from drowning in the Liffey, and a policeman named Fahy who saved a man from the same danger at Cork.

Dr. Armstrong, author of the "Dictionary of the Gælic Language and Grammar," has received a pension from Government of £40 a year on the Literary Civil list.

The approaching election in Limerick has put that historical city into a ferment. The candidates are Mr. John Ball and Major Gavin. Public opinion seems to favor the election of the former gentleman.

Mr. H. G. Hughes is to be the new Solicitor General for Ireland, and Sergeant O'Brien is to succeed Judge Moore in the Queen's Bench.

The question of the change of venue in the case of the Rev. Mr. Conway has not yet been decided. The Rev. Gentleman's counsel, Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., displayed his usual ability in the defence of his client. The decision is postponed until Monday next. Each day when leaving the Court, the Rev. traverser receives proof of the sympathy of the people in enthusiastic cheers.

An attempt was lately made to assassinate the Rev. Mr. McMeele, the venerated Parish Priest of Castleblaney, as he was passing from the Chapel to his residence. The would-be assassin, whose name is McArdle, made several efforts to stab the rev. gentleman with a knife. He was arrested by some persons who were working near the chapel yard. The unfortunate man is believed to be insane.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Attempted Assassination of the Emperor and Empress.—Number of wounded.—Anecdote of a soldier.—The Assassins.—Pierri.—Count Orsini.—Some particulars of his life.—Description of the bombs.—Congratulatory Addresses.—Spirit of the addresses of MM. Troplong, Morny, &c.—The Corps Diplomatique represented by the Apostolic Nuncio.—Te Deums—Mass for the dead.—Opening of the Chamber of Deputies.—The Emperor's Speech.—The Anglo-Austrian Alliance.—The SPECTATEUR *and the* REVUE DE PARIS *suppressed, &c., &c.*

PARIS, 21st Jan., 1858.

Paris still shudders at the thought of the fearful and odious attempt of the 14th instant, a date henceforth memorable and terrible, to which History will ever point in horror. On the evening of that day when the Imperial carriage, in which were the Emperor and the Empress, arrived before the peristyle of the Grand Opera, three loud reports produced by the explosion of a species of bombs were heard, an interval of some seconds taking place between each detonation. Those bombs in bursting killed two soldiers of the escort, upset several of the cavalry, and wounded more than one hundred and fifty persons in the immense crowd, which was assembled in front of the Opera House. The loudest report was made by a bomb which burst under the Emperor's carriage killing one of the horses and wounding another so severely that it was found necessary to abridge his pain by killing him. The carriage was injured and, the door opening with great difficulty, it took some time to get the Imperial couple out of the vehicle. The Emperor, after his narrow escape, showed the greatest coolness, mingled with the crowd, and gave orders to have the wounded taken care of. The Emperor's hat was pierced by a fragment of the bombs, and a broken piece of glass wounded him on the cheek. General Roguet, the Emperor's Aide-de-Camp, who was in the carriage with their majesties, was wounded but not severely. When the Emperor and Empress entered their lodge they were saluted by continued applause, but there was much more horror for the authors of the diabolical attempt, and sympathy for the victims of than joy for the illustrious persons who escaped. The windows of the peristyle of the Opera were shattered, and one of the fragments, after having gone through the window, demolished an angle of one of the walls. After the affair, several distinguished persons, amongst whom were certain members of the Imperial Family, entered the Imperial *loge* to congratulate the Emperor on his escape. Subsequently crowds of persons of all ranks and parties went to inscribe their names at the Chateau, to testify to their utter horror of such attempts.

A M. Lanet, Commissary of the Opera, was struck by three fragments. M. Hebert was struck by nearly a dozen fragments; he has since been made a Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. Several of the lancers present on the occasion have received the military medal. One of the latter is said to have shown a spirit of discipline which places him above his fellows as the beau ideal of a soldier. A quarter of an hour after the explosions the lancers were still carrying arms, when the Captain rode up and inquired,

"Is any one hurt?"

"I am, Captain," said a soldier, putting his hand to his hat, then sank down senseless and died in a quarter of an hour afterwards. Duty for a moment triumphed over death.

Twenty-five or twenty-six individuals are said to have been arrested, yet we have but the names of four Italians: the Count d'Orsini, Gomez, passing as the Duke's servant, Pierri and Da Silva. The newspapers lay great stress on the report that no Frenchmen were engaged in this affair. A few minutes before the attempt, Pierri was recognized by the officer Hebert as a returned exile of 1852. A bomb exactly like those which exploded, were found upon him, as well as a six-barreled revolver, and a long dirk knife. Orsini was arrested in his bed about three in the morning; he was wounded by a fragment of a bomb. Count Orsini is a Roman by birth, an advocate by profession, and a man of indomitable energy. He was imprisoned some years since in the citadel of Mantua, in consequence of the murder of the Duke of Parma, and his escape from that prison was a miracle of audacity.

The bombs employed in this diabolical affair were first said to be of glass, but it now seems that they were of iron, filled with fulminate of mercury, having on their lower end several pillars on which are placed percussion caps. They did not contain any projectiles, and the wounds inflicted were operated by portions of the thick iron envelope.

On Saturday the members of the Senate, of the Corps Legislatif and of the Council of State, visited the Emperor at the Tuileries. Discourses were delivered by the three presidents of the above bodies: M. Troplong, M. de Morny and M. Baroche. The same idea was expressed in different words by each of those three functionaries. They desired to obtain from England the extradition of those persons who conspire in the British Metropolis against the life of the French Sovereign. Addresses have been presented from all the public bodies, and all ranks of people; the Dames de la Halle or Market women have also placed their address in the proper channel for presentation to his Majesty. The Corps diplomatic expressed their feelings through the medium of the Papal Nuncio. Public thanks have been returned to Almighty God, and *Te Deums* sung in various churches. A Mass will be said in the course of the week for those who have been killed, or who have died from the effects of their wounds. The Emperor has caused ten thousand francs to be distributed by one of his physicians, to the wounded.

The Emperor's speech delivered on the occasion of the opening of the Chamber of Deputies is the most business-like and comprehensive he has yet delivered. He therein makes some important announcements: His Majesty regards the Question of the Danish Duchies as entirely German, and France will in no way interfere. He also foreshadows some concessions in the affair of the Principalities. The concluding portion of the speech refers to the attempt of assassination of the 14th inst. Such attempts cannot, says the Emperor, trouble his serenity or shake his faith in the future: if he lives the Empire will live with him; and if he succumbs the Empire would be strengthened by his very death; for the indignation of the people and the army would be another prop to the throne of his son. The latter assertion is rather problematical.

With regard to the Anglo-Austrian Alliance, a Viennese correspondent writes to a Nuremburg journal that the statement of the *Spectateur* is true, in so far as six months ago a Convention based on certain eventualities was entered into between the Cabinets of London and Vienna. The alliance was formed in view of disagreement between those two Cabinets and that of the Tuileries on the question of the Principalities. As the question has taken a favorable turn, says the writer, and as the treaty has never been ratified by diplomatic documents, it is virtually null.

Apropos of the *Spectateur*, it will discover no more secret alliances for the present. It has been suppressed; and with it the *Revue de Paris.*

The catastrophe of the 14th has caused the Indian question to be temporarily forgotten. I find, however, the following in the *Gazette de France:*

Now when the English fleet is going to open the commerce of China, in virtue of the maxim that no nation has the right to refuse to take part in the commerce of the world or to close its ports to general transactions, it is time to know if Europe is to tolerate England preventing or rather annihilating freedom of commerce in India, roused to the highest pitch by the exactions and crimes of a company of marchands; if we must give up the hope of giving back to these people, excited by the desire of vengeance, the peace and quiet of ordinary life; if, because Great Britain, representing the policy of monopoly, egotism and Protestantism, loses India, Europe, representing the great principles of Catholicism, has not the right to win them to civilization.

The Novena in honor of the patron saint of Paris, Saint Genevieve, celebrated at Saint Etienne du Mont and the Church of Saint Genevieve, terminated on Monday evening at the latter Church, by a procession presided by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. In the Church of Saint Etienne du Mont the relics of Saint Genevieve were exhibited for the veneration of the faithful this year for the first time.

MISSION IN PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., Feb. 9, '58.

MR. EDITOR:—*Sir:* I take upon myself to inform my fellow-Catholics and the public, through the columns of your excellent Journal, of the perfect God-send which has fallen on our village during the week ending January 31st. The Rev. Fathers Walworth, Hewitt, Deshon, and Baker, performed the duties of a Holy Mission in the Church of St John the Baptist, in this village, beginning on Sunday, the 23d ult., and their visit was, indeed, a blessing, for many of our Catholic brethren lacked that zeal of Catholic Faith and Piety which should actuate them, notwithstanding the eloquence and capacity of their Pastor, Rev. J. Cahill.

During the Mission the Holy Sacrament was administered to eleven hundred and seventy persons belonging to the congregation of St. John's Church.

The instructions and sermons were, of course, very able, and that delivered by Rev. Father Walworth, on Sunday evening, the 31st ult., on the Sacrament of Baptism, was a *chef dœuvre* of its kind. The mission, as usual, was closed by the administration of the "Papal Benediction"

I am, Sir, with great respect, your humble servant, J. H. D******.

CITY NEWS.

WHERE THE HUNGRY ARE FED.—By far the most important place in New York just now is the "Free Dining Saloon" of John W. Farmer, No. 47 Ludlow street, between Hester and Grand streets. There a hundred souls between the hours of twelve and two o'clock they are certain of a good dinner, free of cost or trouble, unburthened with neither forms nor expenses, save the delicious enjoyment one feels in consuming a good meal seasoned with a keen appetite. We had determined to write an account of this interesting locality, but the following, which we extract from the *Tribune*, obviates that necessity: "Proceeding down Ludlow street, when opposite No. 47, between Hester and Grand streets, the eye of the traveller is caught by a large banner suspended across the street, on which is painted the mysterious words:

'J. W. FARMER'S FREE DINING SALOON. PLENTY TO EAT AND NOTHING TO PAY.'

Entering the house the curious stranger finds himself in a neat oak-grained room, which was evidently intended to be used as a store; the windows are curtained with white muslin, and everything has the look of neatness and careful attention. The most noticeable article of furniture is a long table running lengthways of the room and covered with a brown cloth. There are a number of barrels of flour along the wall, and a stove, with a spacious oven, does the double duty of heating the room comfortably and baking thirty-five large loaves of home-made bread every day, beside assisting in a great deal of miscellaneous cooking. There are no chairs, benches or other seats, provided, so that those who dine at the long dining-table must stand. This is the 'Free Dining Saloon.' The proprietor is Mr. John Washington Farmer, by occupation a plumber, whose place of business is at No. 248 Broome street. The history of his present charitable operation is as follows: Last November, after the banks had smashed, manufactories suspended, and the 'panic' began to tell severely on the poorer classes, Mr. Farmer, moved to pity by the distress of the needy in his vicinity, the Tenth Ward, conceived the plan of opening a room where hungry men could be fed without charge. He began the experiment on a comparatively small scale, opening a room in the upper part of the premises, No. 47 Ludlow street, where he gave a free dinner every day to a small number of persons, generally 35 to 40. This was continued for nearly two months, when he determined to enlarge his operations. Accordingly the large room on the lower floor of the building was made ready, conveniences for cooking were prepared, and on Monday, the 11th of January, the place was thrown open to all who chose to come. The place is open, and food is dispensed from 6, A. M. to 11, P. M.; but the great rush is at the regular dinner hours from 12, M. to 2, P. M., and it is only at that time that the presence of the officers is absolutely required, though there are generally two or more in attendance all the time. No questions are asked of any applicant for relief; the touching statement, 'I am hungry,' is the password that opens the door to all, no matter what the nation or color; the only qualification being that the person shall be sober. The number of 'regulars' who present themselves every day is about 600; these are reliable customers, and may be depended on. Besides these there are from 200 to 400 daily who are sent hither for temporary relief, or who only come here for an occasional dinner when their endeavors to procure one elsewhere have failed. There are forty entire families who have been for many weeks wholly or partially supported at this house, the men being unable to obtain employment or to effectually help themselves. The food that is provided is of a substantial and excellent quality. Beef soup, boiled beef, boiled hams, mackerel, Dutch herrings, potatoes, turnips, onions and bread, are the staple articles. Occasionally, in special cases, coffee is provided, and there is ample provision of mustard [illegible] with the cold ham. The bread is home-made, and is baked on the premises in huge loaves, thirty-five of which are exterminated every day. Fish is sometimes given, but the majority of the customers prefer the soup, and pay particular attention to the substantial hams and potatoes. The quantity of soup used [illegible] is made of excellent beef, [illegible] by the quantity, and the [illegible] into which goods has in the course [illegible] many vegetables in the market [illegible] and there is no stint as to quality. Since the beginning of this extensive charitable operation, the provisions given away by Mr. Farmer are as follow: 32 bbls. of flour, 7 quarters of beef, 300 bushels of potatoes, 120 hams, [illegible] 2 bbls. of Dutch herrings, [illegible] Four women and four men [illegible] Mr. Farmer himself are constantly [illegible] things necessary to be done about such an establishment. Mr. Farmer's generosity has already cost him $4,000, but he refuses aid from any quarter, asserting that he is able to carry on his enterprise himself, and that he intends to do so as long as 'hard times' last; and he recommends those who proffer him pecuniary assistance not to hold their hands, but to bestow their money in other quarters where it is quite as much needed and may do as much good."

WHERE WAS SHE BORN?—The town has been busying itself last week, with a view of ascertaining where Lola Montez was born. Lola is reported to have sworn before a referee that she was a native of the city of Limerick, Ireland. Others who undertake to rectify "this mistake" state that she is a native of the province of Ulster; that her father was an officer belonging to the 44th Regiment of Infantry, quartered for many years in Ireland, and that her real name is Eliza Gilbert. Others again affirm that Montrose, in Scotland, is her real birthplace; while a few contend that to New York belongs the privilege of giving birth to this estimable individual. Thus, as in the case of Homer, divers places set up their claims in relation to her birth. We hope she may be well taken care of between them all, and not suffered to pine in indigence and misery after the manner of "the blind bard." It is consoling, however, to reflect that the discussion of this *important subject* bodes no evil to the State, that it is never destined to assume the stupendous proportion of the "Kansas Question," and better still, that the matter is in itself but of very little consequence.

WON'T GET AN OVATION.—Mahommed Pasha' Rear-Admiral of the Turkish fleet, is not destined to encounter an ovation in the city of New York. The project has been shelved. The Board Room of the Aldermen was the scene of its death. When the question came up for debate, one of the members, who appeared not to be particularly intoxicated with ideas of naval glory, intimated that the Admiral "was nothing more than French or English gentlemen who had come over to buy flour or pork." This insinuation operated like a crusher on the remainder of the fraternity for the ovation was heard of [illegible] and the worthy Rear Admiral will be allowed to "get along as he best may."

A SMART BILL.—The New York City Tax for 1858 passed the Board of Aldermen on Thursday evening, the 11th inst. Taking into account the immense amount of vaporing, relative to the necessity of a reduction of the city expenses during the recent Municipal election, it does not appear that much has been done in furtherance of that object. Eight million and a half dollars is the sum required. This, it will be observed, is a pretty round sum, but as it is destined to come out of the pockets of the laboring and mechanical classes, of course it is not much to be regarded after all. Those classes are numerous and not very likely to make much bluster about the thing.

EXHIBITION AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE.—The semi-annual exhibition at the above Institution came off on Wednesday, the 10th inst., in presence of a large and respectable audience. The exercises consisted of a debate on the subject, "Is Light Literature a Necessary Pastime?' interspersed with musical interludes and addresses, all of which were done by the students themselves. The debate was ably conducted by Masters McGear, O'Donnell, McCaffrey and Duff. The music was excellent, and the exhibition throughout was amusing and instructive.

"BODY SNATCHING."—The body of a blind man, named Philip Gomertz, who committed suicide on the 9th inst., was stolen from No. 96 Ridge street, and a policeman found it in the [illegible] of the Medical College in Four[illegible] street. It had not been [illegible]

An Englishman named Watson was last week arrested on a charge of embezzling goods to the amount of $1,500 from the store of A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway. The accused is a resident of Brooklyn, and denies the charge.

In the course of a recent lecture delivered before the Historical Society by Dr. Hawks on the Farewell Address of Washington, the lecturer remarked, in relation to our foreign and domestic policy, that "the grand feature of the former is that if the country is in debt, we must pay it ourselves, and not leave it for posterity to do. With respect to the latter we must avoid all strong attachments, as well as antipathies, toward foreigners, and especially all ungenerous feeling against the introduction of peaceful foreigners."

There was quite a flare-up among the members of the Board of Ten Governors at their meeting of the 9th inst. Some of the members proposed to dispense with the services of an officer belonging to the Board, styled the Confidential Clerk, on the ground that there existed no real necessity for such an officer. The friends of the "Confidential" would not hear of his removal, and finally the meeting broke up without coming to a decision. The situation of Confidential Clerk is worth $2,650 a year.

An English forger named James Mellor was arrested on the way to St. Louis, recently, and brought to this city with a view of being transmitted to England. Mellor was arrested by a Manchester detective, who followed him out West. He was sent off to his former place of abode by the steamer which left on Saturday last.

The Commissioners of Emigration have adopted a petition to Congress on the abuses practised by the captains and officers of passenger vessels on the young females confided to their care. The emigration for this year up to the 10th inst. was only 3,227, against 7,967 for the same period last year.

An audacious but smart rogue perpetrated a forgery of $5,000 upon the Continental Bank in this city, within the last ten days.

The Flushing Railroad is to be sold on the 6th of April next, in accordance with an order issued from the Supreme Court.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

THE SEE OF CHARLESTON.—OUR NEW BISHOP.—We have this week a word of [illegible] tidings a message of joy to all our readers, especially the Catholics of the two Carolinas. The long-widowed See of Charleston has again received a Bishop and chief Pastor in the person of one on whom all the hopes and expectations of her [illegible] have been long centred. As we write, we have before us a letter the superscription of which is in the well-known hand-writing of Archbishop Kenrick, addressed to the "Rt. Rev. P. N. Lynch, D.D., Bishop elect of Charleston." It doubtless contains the necessary documents from Rome; though it lies unopened [illegible] of the absence of the Rt. Rev. gentleman, who is at present in Augusta of Edgefield where he went to lay the corner stone of the new Church on Monday last. It is enough to say that in common with all, we await with ardent hope and anxiety the hour of his return, and acceptance of the dignity to which he has been called by the Holy See, with the approbation of the American hierarchy, and the concurrent favorable sentiment of all the clergy and laity of the diocese of Charleston.—*Miscellany.*

STATEMENT OF THE RESULT OF THE FAIR AND FESTIVAL HELD IN MONTAGUE HALL, BROOKLYN.—Received from the Ladies of St. James' [illegible] $1,245 52: St Mary's Star of the [illegible] $[illegible]; Sea Cliff [illegible] of the Assumption $[illegible]; St. Peter's, $[illegible]; St. Patrick's, $[illegible]; Church of Immaculate [illegible] $[illegible]; St. Joseph's, $[illegible]; St Peter and Paul's, $[illegible]; Academy of the Visitation, $194 39: St. Charles [illegible] $186 55: at the Door, $567 86—total, $6,102 74. Deduct expenses $[illegible] Nett proceeds, $5,712 24. As it became necessary to pay a mortgage, the principle and interest of which amounted to $3,049 58, there remained to meet other demands only $2,662 66. Fully three thousand dollars are yet required to pay for fence, heaters, range, oven, cesspool, cistern, well, &c. Donations are most respectfully and earnestly solicited, and will be most gratefully received for these necessary things.

Rev. Father Driscoll of Cincinnati, at the request of the Rev. Mr. Thienpont, lately preached a very successful mission, in Steubenville. Between four and five hundred persons approached the Holy Table. A Catholic layman of that place writes: "My heart has been filled [illegible] at beholding the great good accomplished [illegible] during the Retreat, conducted by that good Missionary. The success of his labors has astonished me; large numbers, especially of young people who had, I might say, entirely neglected the Sacraments for years, [illegible] all other times received the Sacraments of [illegible] and the Redeemer with great fervor. Many [illegible] who had been alienated by mixed marriages and other causes, had their hearts softened, returned to the Church and acknowledged [illegible] the theatre under the inspiring words of the Man of God. To us all has this mission been a great blessing."—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

COURSE OF LECTURES.—The Catholic Philopatrian Literary Institute are about to have a course of Lectures in their Hall, corner of Sixth and Prune streets, to which they invite the attention of their friends. Several gentlemen have consented to lecture, and we are promised a grand treat [illegible] The first lecture of the course was delivered by John O'Byrne, Esq., on "The Catholic View of Slavery," which was ably treated and well attended. Since the cost is nothing, we have no doubt the whole course will be well attended. —*Philadelphia Catholic Herald.*

We perceive by the Bradford *Reporter*, of Towanda, that the Rev. J. J. Doherty, of that place, has been lecturing on "The Rise and Decline of Literature in the Middle Ages." The *Reporter* states that "the lecture was very largely attended, and gave the best satisfaction, and that the Rev. gentleman evinced a most perfect knowledge of his subject. He fully sustained his merited reputation as a public lecturer, and we doubt if a more interesting [illegible] will be delivered during the whole course." This is certainly high praise when we consider that J. G. Saxe, the poet, and Hon. David Wilmot, are to follow in the same course. —*Ibid.*

ACCIDENT.—We regret to state that Mr. Christian Loos, while engaged in building the dome of the new Cathedral, fell, head foremost, on a pile of stones, and was considerably injured. We are glad to learn that Mr. Loos is rapidly improving.—*Ibid.*

The Right Rev. Bishop will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation at the following places: St. Aloysius', Pottstown, Feb. 28; St. Patrick's, Philadelphia, March 7; Trinity, Philadelpia, March 14.—*Ibid.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann administered the Sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday last, at St. Matthew's Church, Conshohocken, to seventy-six persons.—*Ibid.*

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—On the morning of the 4th inst., in the Chapel of St. Francis de Sales, at Mt. de Sales, Sister Mary Bernard Johnson, of Germantown, made her solemn profession of the three religious vows. The Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick preached and performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Sourin, S. J., Dominic and Giustiniani, C. M.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

The *Propagateur Catholique* records the death at New Orleans of the Rev. M. Calvo, C.M. The Rev. gentleman had been in the ministry for twenty years, and had been long stationed at Donaldsonville, La., until forced to suspend his zealous labors by the painful malady of which he died.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

It will be seen by reference to our advertising pages that Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md., have commenced a new series of the *Metropolitan* under the Editorial superintendence of Mr. M. J. Kerney, A. M., a gentleman every way competent to make it a first class magazine. The same house also publish the *Catholic Youth's Magazine*, containing instructive and amusing stories for the youth of both sexes. They will send one copy of the *Metropolitan* and three copies of the *Magazine* to one address for $3; *Metropolitan* separately, $2 per year. Mr. P. O'Shea, 739 Broadway and 20 Beekman street, is the Agent for New York. Messrs. Murphy & Co. are also Agents for the *Dublin Review*—one of the best Catholic Reviews published. Terms $5 per year.

Mr. John Whitney, our Agent in Providence, R. I., keeps on hand a general assortment of Catholic and Miscellaneous Books, &c. He is also Agent for Messrs. Williams & Guion, New York, for the sale of passage tickets to and from Liverpool. Drafts payable at sight on the Banks of England, Ireland and Scotland.

We would call the attention of persons wishing to purchase or sell Real Estate to the advertisement of Mr. Joseph McGuier, 86 Seventh street and 384 Third Avenue. It is with pleasure that we recommend Mr. McGuier to the patronage of the public.

Our Agent in Philadelphia, C. P. F. Cunningham, has always on hand a large assortment of Catholic Books which he will dispose of wholesale and retail. Libraries and clergymen allowed a liberal discount.

Mr. Eugene Coleman, Bookseller, Madison street, New York, is duly authorized to solicit subscribers and advertisements for the TABLET.

Mr. Bernard Murray, 391 Second Avenue, is authorized to canvass in this city for the TABLET.

Travelling Agent.

Mr. D. O'Sullivan will call on our subscribers in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y., St. Catherine, Hamilton, C. W., and intervening places. He has books for all our subscribers in the above towns. They will we hope be ready to meet them. Mr. O'Sullivan is fully authorized to act as Agent for the TABLET.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

POINTS OF A GOOD SHORT-HORN BULL.

A bull ought to be the most handsome of his kind. He should be tall and well made: his head should be rather long, but not coarse, as fineness of head indicates disposition to fatten; and as it is designed by nature to be the chief instrument both of offence and defence, it ought to present every mark of strength. Horns clean and bright—large black eyes, lively and protuberant—ears long and thin, hairy within and without—muzzle fine—nostrils wide and open—neck strong and muscular, not incumbered with a coarse wrathy skin, but firm, rising with a gentle curve from the shoulders, tapering to the part where it is connected with the head—dewlap thin, and but little loose skin on any part. His shoulders should be deep, high and moderately broad at the top—bosom open—breast large and projecting well before his legs—back straight and broad, even to the setting on of the tale, which should not extend far up the roof, but be strong and deep, with lank hair on the under part of it—ribs broad and circular, rising one above another, so that the last rib shall be rather the highest. The fore thighs strong and muscular, tapering gradually to the knees; belly deep, straight and also tapering a little to the hind thighs, which should be large and square; roof wide, particularly over the chine and hips or hooks; legs straight, short jointed, full of sinews, clean and fine boned; knees round, big and straight; feet distant one from another, not broad nor turning in, but easily spreading; hoofs long and hollow; hide not hard or stubborn to the touch; hair uniformly thick, short, curled, and of a soft texture, and the body long, deep and round, filling well up to the shoulders and into the groin, so as to form what has not improperly been termed a round or a barrel-like carcass. This detail of "points" was handed us by one of our best short-horn breeders.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A PRESERVATIVE FOR LEATHER.

A writer in the Germantown *Telegraph* offers a receipt for preserving boots and shoes, which may be valuable to our readers in such weather as the present. Take one pint of tanner's oil, half-pound of tallow, a lump of good rosin the size of a common shell-bark, Burgundy pitch size of a hen's egg, lamp black, three cents' worth—mix together, and melt gradually over a slow fire. When to be applied, the mixture should be made about milk-warm, and put on with a clean sponge. The leather may be made a little damp, not wet. The above cement, when applied to boots and shoes, will effectually prevent their soaking water, and keep the leather pliant, and the feet of the wearer warm and dry. Every farmer who regards comfort as a desideratum should supply himself with this article, and apply it to his boots and shoes.—*Prarie Farmer.*

HOW TO CURE HAMS.

Curing and keeping ham, so as to have it keep sweet and good the year round, is a matter which interests every housekeeper and lover of good ham. Through the summer and autumn months nothing can be more desirable than a good supply of this delicious food. To 80 pounds of ham take 4 ounces brown sugar, 4 ounces of saltpetre, and 1 pint of fine salt. Mix well together and rub the paste all over the hams. Let them lay 48 hours, then pack away in casks, adding 1 quart of salt to each 80 pounds of ham. In 15 or 20 days smoke, and return them to the brine, where they will keep a year or more, perfectly sweet and good.—*Cultivator.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The inquiry for Western Canal Flour is still good, mainly for export, notwithstanding the less encouraging accounts by the City of Baltimore; the home demand is fair, with light arrivals; our stock is diminishing slowly; the better grades are sustained and are more active for the East.

HIDES.—The market is steady and there continues some movement. The balance of a favorite brand of Orinoco was taken at 18c., which is above the market for ordinary styles.

HAY.—The demand is steady for shipment, and prices are unchanged; sales of 600 bales at 65@75c. ℔ 100 lb.

RICE.—The business is moderate at full former prices; as es of 200 tcs. at 3@3¾c., and for small parcels of choice, 4c.

SUGARS.—The auction sale passed off showing a steady market; 400 hhds. New Orleans sold at $4 81@$6 50 ℔ 100 lb. There is a good stock offering and prices are scarcely sustained; sales 200 hhds. New Orleans at 5@7c.

SEEDS.—Calcutta Linseed has suffered a further decline in the Boston market; sales there of 3,000 bags at $1 30 ℔ bush., cash.

TALLOW.—The supply is light and the demand is good; sales of 50,000 lb. extra Southern at 11c., cash. Rough fat is saleable at 7c., cash.

TEAS.—The activity in cargo grades Oolongs has continued, and holders at the close demanded 40c. per lb; some 4,000 half-chests (in addition to the 5,000 reported) have been sold, the greater portion Blacks and mostly Oolongs. The feeling closed buoyantly at an advance on the auction sales.

WHISKEY.—The market is firmer, and the demand is fair; sales of 150 bl. at 21½@22c.

Family Marketing.

The following gives the retail price of the principal articles of Farm Produce in the city of New York on Saturday, Feb. 13:

MEAT.—Hind quarters Beef, ℔ lb., 7@10c.; Fore quarters, do., 4@7c.; Plate Steaks, do., Sirloin Steaks, 14@16c.; Rump Steaks, 12@14c.; Roast pieces, 12@16c.; Corned Beef, 9@12c.; Smoked Beef, 14@16c.; Beef Tongues, each, 75c@$1; Mutton carcass, ℔ lb., 7@10c.; Mutton, fore quarters, 9@10c.; Mutton, hind quarters, 12@14c.; Mutton Chops, 12c.; Veal, hind quarters, 12@16c.; Veal Cutlets, 12c.

GAME.—Bears Meat, ℔ lb., 15@20c.; Rabbits, ℔ pair, 50c.; Venison, ℔ lb., 14@16c.

PORK.—Carcasses, ℔ cwt., $9 75@$10; at retail, ℔ lb., 12½@14c.; Hams, smoked, 16c.; Shoulders, do., 13@14c.; Sides, do., 12½@13c.; Bacon, 15c.; Pickled, 13@15c.; Sausages, 14c.; Roasting Pigs, each, $1 75@$2 50c.

POULTRY.—Turkeys, ℔ lb., 15@16c.; Wild Turkies, each, 3@$3; Geese, 12@14c.; Ducks, tame, ℔ pair $1 25@$1 75.

HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS.—Eggs, retail, fresh, 6 or 7 for 12c.; state Butter, ℔ lb., 19@24c.; Orange County, new, 28@31c.; Lard, 10c.; English Cheese, 13c.; Cheese, 10@12c.

EDUCATION.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy, 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec5 tf

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00

No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect requisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c. Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, eight miles from the City of New York, and of very easy access by the Hudson River Railroad, and also by a line of Stages from the City.

Terms:

Entrance Fee	$ 10 00
Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum	180 00

Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Spanish and German Languages, form extra charges.

For further particulars address

BROTHER STYLIEN, *Director.*

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance.*

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$175

Commercial " " " 150

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D., *President.*

jn6 3m

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-year ly in advance, $160.

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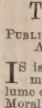
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